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[JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

## REVIEWS

*The Rambler in Mexico*: 1834. By J. C. Latrobe, Author of 'The Alpenstock,' &c. Seeley & Burnside.

THE omission of a few sentences here and there, and of a dozen pages towards the conclusion, would have made this work what it professes to be, the narrative of a three months ramble in Mexico. The remarks we refer to are on the moral and political condition of the Mexican people, and, whether true or otherwise, they contrast harshly and unpleasantly with the general tone of the book, and are inconsistent with its avowed character. Further, we must observe, that no man is justified in pronouncing dogmatically on such subjects, after a mere hurried gallop—a sort of swallow flight—over the surface of a country, and that in this instance there are objections even more valid. Moral, political, statistical, and historical philosophy, a clear and thorough knowledge of all these sciences, are preliminary requisites under any circumstances whatever; yet of all such,—therefore of all the principles involved in the question, as well as of all the elements and influences to be calculated—Mr. Latrobe is manifestly ignorant. Our business, however, is with 'The Rambler'—and we shall quit the subject, only observing, that the animating spirit of the work towards the Mexican people, whom Mr. Latrobe repeatedly calls *canaille*, is in strange contrast with the genius of that religion the hackneyed phrases of which he scatters so plentifully over his pages, and with the benevolent tenets of the Moravians, from whom he is said to be descended.

As a descriptive writer Mr. Latrobe has acquired more reputation than we think him entitled to. The art of the descriptive writer, such as it is, consists in picturing to the imaginations of those whom he addresses, scenes which produce in them, though in a less degree perhaps, the feelings which were excited in himself by the sight of the objects. Writers of the highest merit in this department present the characteristic features of the scene so graphically—its still and moveless, its animated and living objects, its sounds and colours, so vividly—that we entirely forget the describer while thrilling with the emotions attendant on his description. A feeble race—their powers of observation being less sensitive, and their grasp less firm—help to effect their purposes by exciting sympathy with their own emotions, and thus produce by two agencies what the man of genius accomplishes by a few bold and brilliant strokes addressed to the imagination alone. Mr. Latrobe belongs to the inferior class: merit, talent, power of its kind, he doubtless displays, and when the grade of the class to which he belongs is considered, and abatement made for a defective perception of the ludicrous, and a consequent frequent mistaking of the lofty, a just notion of his literary character and intellectual calibre will have been formed. Now to the work itself.

Mr. Latrobe landed at Tampico, which, so late as 1825, was solely occupied by a few Indian huts, but was estimated in the year 1833, to have a population of five thousand, of which three are said to have been swept away by cholera.

The New Town is built in regular squares, upon the narrow and depressed termination of a rocky

peninsula, at the lower extremity of a cluster of lakes which empty their waters into the Gulf by the river Panuco. The houses have no pretension to uniformity in their style of architecture. The European merchant builds substantial stone stores and dwelling-houses, according to the fashion of his country. The American runs up his flimsy clap-board edifices. The Mexican of Spanish descent exhibits his taste and his knowledge of the climate, by low thick walls, gaily painted and flat-roofed habitations, with internal courts; and the Indian raises his bamboo cage, plastered with mud, and thatched with palm leaves, according to the custom of his forefathers. \*

"Society, I have said, was very confined. The young foreigners, when emancipated from their counting-houses, passed their evenings in riding in the vicinity; playing at bowls, or worse, at *monte*; or made an attempt to get up a waltz by aid of a poor piano-forte, a fife, and a pair of matrons."

Tampico, however, must be an amusing place, for its dearth inspires Mr. Latrobe with the only endurable jest in the book, though we are not sure that it is not the ghost of a defunct Joe Miller. The landing-place, too, makes rather a pleasant scene:—

"At early morning the landing below the bluff might be observed beset by the market boats and canoes of the Indians, laden with the produce of the farms of the upper district,—sugar-cane, bamboo, hay, and fruit, or with loads of sweet water brought down the Tammasee. At the same hour the shore was lined by females standing up to their knees in water, patiently labouring at the purification of some article of apparel, in defiance of the alligators swarming on the neighbouring swampy shore, and disporting themselves in the river. Lower down, abreast of the Custom-house, and busy market-place, appeared the various foreign merchant-vessels at anchor; and still further to the left, the range of hills which rise above Pueblo Viejo, and form the right bank of the Panuco to the Gulf. Nothing could exceed the picturesque appearance of many of the figures which here continually passed before us, or the classic character of the women, laden with the Etruscan-shaped water-jar of the country; and many a time were we allured to maintain our post, till the heat of the sun, and the effluvia of putrid carcasses which line the shore, forced us to retire."

Our author here indulges in enthusiastic entomological rambles—skirts the river side, where the jackdaws quarrel among the glossy leaves and the innumerable stems of the mangroves; the white snow-crane standing motionless in the shallow water, or a flight of vultures hovering over a dark corner, with an occasional alligator squashing among the reeds on the shore—pursues the winding path through the thickets matted and interwoven with creepers, their graceful hanging flowers, and seed-vessels, with vines, passifloras, and splendid convolvuli, the paradise of the parrot and his gaudy rival—until personal experience fills him with admiration of the rhinoceros-skinned men who have enriched the collections of Europe with the wonders of the Torrid Zone. He now seeks excursions less unpleasant in their results, for instance, an hour's stroll from Puebla Viejo, or the Old Town:—

"Were you inclined for an hour's stroll, that hour carried you up the undulating slope of the hills, amid a wilderness of sweet flowers and shrubs, pausing from time to time to catch a glance of that broad and magnificent picture, of those lakes and rivers with their intermediate woods and plains, glowing in the sunshine, till gaining the crest called *La Mira*, you might survey the country, spread like a map at

your feet on one hand, and on the other the deep blue waters of the Gulf unfurled to the eastern horizon. Did you seek repose and shade, a foot-way turning abruptly from the main road of the town, against the bosom of the hill, brought you unexpectedly to the *Fuente*, a little dell concealing one of the most beautiful and poetic springs in any land. How poetic! how classic! I have often exclaimed, when burying myself under the shade of the trees and luxuriant creepers, which, in untrimmed luxuriance, overhung that romantic paradise of birds, butterflies, and *garapatos*; and scanning the groups of females gathered round its basin. The source lay concealed underneath a massive shrine of grey stone, to which convenient access was afforded by a descent of a few stone steps, while a long stone reservoir, extending for a dozen feet along the bank of the dell, richly overshadowed by a splendid line of matted creepers from the trees above, served the purpose of a convenient place for washing. Its margin was generally crowded with females of all ages. The groups employed in filling their large earthen jars and bottles, the gracefully draped figures passing to and fro, with their burdens poised on the head, or a sturdy peasant, with his mule laden with two gigantic bottles of baked earth, waiting patiently for his turn in the deep cool shade, formed pictures of the most beautiful description. At the extreme termination of the little dell, a few ancient sibyls were ordinarily employed over a cauldron supported by poles, and simmering from the wood fires kindled under it, and the light blue smoke hovered among the branches of the aged trees, which rose from the thicket beyond. The *Fuente* was evidently the lounge and trysting-place of the town, and many a youthful dark-eyed gallant might be seen at times lolling upon the stone-wall which hemmed in the reservoir. Occasionally a mounted cavalier in all his bravery would dash up the little vista at full career, till within a foot of the enclosure, when a check from the powerful bit would bring his horse upon its haunches. He would pass a moment in the cool shade, quaff a gourd of the fresh water from the hand of one of the laughing group, perhaps get a plentiful sprinkle over his gay mantle in return for some saucy speech, and disappear as rapidly as he came."

Mr. Latrobe and his two companions now left Tampico. They proceeded, a considerable cavalcade, at an easy pace, through a beautiful undulating country, clothed with gorgeous flowering thickets, breaking the silence of the waste but beautiful region by an occasional shot at a rabbit or a pheasant. They held on their journey, enjoying now a vast panoramic view, anon the company of a drunken gambling party at a *rancho*; reached an Indian hut, where, after being denied everything, they got all they wanted; passed through noble forests of live oak, and over moist levels, where thickets of bamboo cane clustered round the huge fantastic trunks of the banyan, and ten thousand vegetable strings and ropes wove a canopy over head, and spent the night at a *rancho* or *hacienda* as it happened. At length they reach the Cafada:

"We considered the scenery of the Cafada superior to any we had ever seen, comparable to it, and we were, as you know, no novices in mountain defiles. I have nowhere met with the sublimity of an alpine mountain gorge on a great scale, clothed with such beauty. A varied vegetation, stimulated by the alternate vehemence of a tropical sun, and the gentle dews and moist showers from the mountains above, into an inconceivable rankness and richness of growth,—all that is beautiful and gorgeous in colouring and curious in detail—birds—butterflies— insects—fruits and flowers,—are here presented to the eyes of the traveller, in the midst of a chaos of rent and riven rock and dizzy precipi-

piece, which would be worthy of the most savage delineation of the most savage alpine districts of Europe.

"No one who has not beheld with his own eyes, can imagine the vigour with which nature puts forth her strength under this incitement from alternate heat and moisture.

"League after league we moved forward in ecstasy. Every turn disclosed another matchless picture. It was here a grove of old and shattered trees of enormous growth, bent over the surface of the river under the load of moss and flowering parasites which drew nourishment and life from their fibres;—their out-stretched arms, struggling, as it were, in the interminable folds of the vines, and creepers, whose festoons and garlands of flowers, fruit, or pods, entwined every bough to the highest twig. There again rose a thicket of flowering shrubs of all hues, glistening in morning dew, over which the insects and butterflies were gloating in the bright sun: and such butterflies,—the rainbow is dull and colourless in comparison!

"Further, the high grey precipice swept down perpendicularly, with its red, purple, and grey hues, innumerable weather-stains, and lichens, reflected in the still surface of the stream; while its sheets of bare rock unveiled to the gaze of the passer by, in the hundreds of thin strata, twisted, broken, entwined, and distorted into a thousand shapes, a page of nature's secret doings, which could not be contemplated without a feeling of awe. The upper portions of the precipices where they broke down from the forested slope of the mountains above, were frequently overgrown with long strings of strong wiry grass, or by a peculiar species of cactus which rose like a whitish green column perpendicularly from the ledges.

"Then came the little opening at the entrance of some lateral valley, with its Indian hamlet, strips of cultivation fully exposed to the broad sun, and groups of rich and sunny bananas, half shrouding the simple cabins of the poor natives:—or as a contrast, one of those dens of rubbish, situated under the shade of a beetling crag, in which everything seemed devoted to putrid destruction;—where you moved in twilight through a mass of decaying vegetation; where no living thing sported, and the passenger breathed the chill and humid damp of death, rotteness, and decay."

Nothing could be more tiresome than the routine of the travellers for some days after this; indeed, it was not an unpleasant relief when we found "a savage patriot" with his naked sabre at the throat of our author—though to little purpose, for his tediousness continues for several pages. There seems, however, to have been danger, and therefore there is interest in a part of the journey, which they pursued by night, though warned by the fate of a gentleman who was lying at the point of death, from being precipitated in the darkness into a profound *barranca* :—

"Evening fell in early, under the lugubrious and premature shade, cast over the brown plain and blue mountains by the thunder-clouds; and by the time we reached a small village at the foot of the latter, night had fairly set in. The storm however seemed to spend itself more to the northward, as the glare of lightning became less frequent; and it was now that such a darkness fell upon us as baffles all description. I had been riding forty yards in advance as a kind of scout, feeling the way, but now I was compelled to come to a dead stop, and give up the task of leader to Espindola. A momentary flash from time to time showed us that we were at the entrance of a mountain-defile overhung with rocks, and at the brink of a dashing torrent, rolling down a *barranca* to the left;—but in our progress forward, our ears alone gave token of the character of the locality. The danger I have no scruple in saying was imminent, and increased in a terrific degree, as we crawled forward step by step, at the edge of a gulf, which increased momentarily in depth, upon a road of no great breadth, undefended on the side of the precipice, and conducted in several instances over the abyss, by bridges equally without parapet.

"We kept, as well as the ear and touch would permit, one exactly behind the other, momentarily passing the word to halt, or advance, rapidly from

one to another. Now and then we came to a full halt, from the utter doubt whether the next step would not be over the precipice. The passage of each bridge in turn, was a moment of great interest, yet through God's mercy, we met with no accident, but gradually ascended, till the freshening air and the expansion of the valley, as we might see by an occasional flash, indicated our approach to the town."

An account of the mines of Real del Monte, where the party halted two days, and a somewhat silly and incredible anecdote of a priest who was taken blindfold by the native Indians and permitted to collect as much gold as he could carry, occupy several pages, which we gladly skip over, to meet our author at Mexico.

The way in which Mr. Latrobe manages his descriptions of this splendid capital, and of the magnificent valley in which it lies, fully confirms our opinion of the second-rate character of his powers: a finer subject for one spirited and vigorous picture, taken from a commanding position, could not present itself, but it is only by a series of comparatively feeble sketches that he approaches at last the accomplishment of his purpose:—

"The arid, glazed, and silent surface of those interminable levels, over which the whirling column of sand is seen stalking with its stately motion in the midst of a hot and stagnant atmosphere; and upon whose surface he continually sees painted the magic and illusory pictures of the mirage, with their transparent waters and reflected scenes:—the huge dark piles of distant mountains, range behind range;—the strange character of the colouring of the landscape far and near;—the isolated volcanic cones, springing up suddenly from the dead flats, and the lofty peaks of the great volcanoes far in the distance, gleaming in the blue sky with their snowy summits; the numerous churches, each with its dome and towers, mocking the deserted waste around, and the wretched groups of mud cottages in its vicinity, by its stately architecture:—all this—seen through an atmosphere of such transcendent purity, that vast as the expanded landscape seems, no just idea of its immensity can be formed from the calculations of the eye—embodies forth not perhaps the picturesque, nor perhaps the beautiful, but most assuredly the sublime.

"And, when approaching the main valley, the villages thicken around him, with their streets, cheered and beautified amid the general sterility, by groups of the graceful Peruvian pepper-tree; and the roads are seen crowded by long strings of laden mules, and gay cavaliers,—and the stupendous works of human design, harmonize with those of nature, and prepare him for the sight of one of the most extraordinary scenes in the world, whether we regard the works of men, or those of God, the Artificer of all. And such is the Valley and City of Mexico."

There is considerable merit in the following passage:—

"The general figure of the valley is a broken oval of about sixty miles in length, by thirty-five in breadth. At the present day, even when divested of much that must have added to its beauty in the eyes of the Great Captain, and his eager followers, when descending from the mountains in the direction of Vera Cruz, after overcoming so many difficulties, the view of the ancient city and its valley at length burst upon them like a beautiful dream.—I never saw, and I think I never shall see on earth, a scene comparable to it. I often made this reflection, whenever my excursions over the neighbouring mountains led me to a point which commanded a general view.

"I could not look upon it as did the Spanish invaders, as the term of indescribable fatigues, and of dangers, known and unknown;—the rich mine which should repay them for their nights of alarm and their days of toil, and compensate for their seemingly utter abandonment of home; the prize that should satisfy the cravings of the most inordinate, and fill their laps with that dear gold for which they had ventured all! I could not enter into the ecstasy of the moment, when, after pursuing their blind way to this paradise from the plains of Tlascala and Cholula, into the recesses of pine-clad and barren rocks, higher and higher towards the cold sky, till untrodden snow-

covered peaks arose on either hand, and they marched within sight and hearing of the Great Volcano which menaced their path,—they gained, in fine, the western slope, and saw the green and cultivated fields and gardens spreading like a carpet at their feet, round the bright and inland sea which then encircled the 'VENICE OF THE AZTECS!' With what ravishment must they have marked the thousand specks which moved upon the waters round that broad city spread below, with its white roofs, streets, temples, and edifices!—what must have been their amazement at descrying the long and solid causeways dividing the waters;—the innumerable towns and villages scattered over the surface of the fertile plain; and the huge circle of mountains which appeared to form like a bulwark on every side? No! I could not realise all they felt,—but, amidst the desolation of most of the ancient fields and gardens; the aridity and utter barrenness of much of the broad plain which now girdles the city in every direction; the diminished extent of the lake; the solitude reigning on its waters; the destruction of the forests on the mountain slopes,—I still felt that the round world can hardly match the beauty and interest of that landscape. Even if man had destroyed, without in some degree repairing the wrongs he had committed to that lovely scene by the fruits of his industry and genius, there is that about the whole scenery which is above him, and beyond being affected by him. But let us do the stern old conqueror justice. Their minds would appear to have been imbued with the pervading spirit of the land which they conquered. All around them was strange, and wonderful, and colossal,—and their conceptions and their labours took the same stamp. Look at their works: the moles, aqueducts, churches, roads,—and the luxurious City of Palaces which has risen from the clay-built ruins of Tenochtitlan, at a height above the ocean, at which, in the Old World, the monk of St. Bernard alone, drags through a shivering and joyless existence!"

These views dispose us to inquire into the character of the people who dwell in this magnificent region. But Mr. Latrobe's sympathies, though keen with external nature, are opposed to the Mexican people; their religion he thinks little superior, if at all, to the idolatry it displaced, and their cry for reform offends his political bias; his sketches are therefore caricatures. He seems indeed to have a personal quarrel to resent. The Mexicans, though he was provided with excellent introductions, treated him and his companions with more ceremony and courtesy than cordiality and kindness: on those polite persons therefore who returned his call, but ever after kept out of his way, or met him with the cool nonchalance of well-bred men, Mr. Latrobe is as bitter as a man may well be who considers a letter of introduction a ticket for a dinner, and is disappointed. No doubt the jealousy between foreigners and natives embitters society in Mexico; and Mr. Latrobe narrates with glee the opinions of even the lowest orders of foreign speculators, with which his own worthily agree;—of a French barber, who said "All, all, all, from the president to the leper, were *canaille*,"—of a Belgian innkeeper, "All, from the highest to the lowest, are as ignorant as that bottle," pointing to an empty one,—and of a little German saddler, who clenched a tirade by declaring "There is not von man here so honest as my tog Spitz:—Carampa." The government he accuses of cheating a company of opera singers, by giving them, from the prima donna to the candle-snuffer, passports to depart forthwith, instead of fulfilling an engagement to which it had pledged itself: conduct which he couples with that of the banditti who pillaged Garcia even to his diamond ring, snuff-box, and pantaloons, and, after compelling him to sing, hissed him. The ladies of the highest rank, he tells us, did not spend the morning in shopping, visiting, or "gallivanting," but stayed within doors—whether well or ill employed, or how this was an offence, "deponent saith not." He

then figures for some time on the evening promenade, and thus sketches its concluding scene :

" And now the scene of the fashionable promenade changes to the Portales, where some hundreds of dames and gallants form into two dense lines, from which, when once entangled, you can hardly extricate yourself; and continue delving up and down with monotonous regularity and at a funeral pace, for half an hour or more; while the dirty steps at the doorways of the shops opening under the arcades, upon which the beggars and lepers have been reclining during the day, are now, to your astonishment, crowded by luxuriously dressed females, chatting and smoking with their beaux. This is perfect Mexican,—just as an acquaintance described to me his morning visit to a noble lady to whom the preceding evening he had been presented at the Opera, where she shone in lace, and diamonds,—when he found her in the most complete dishabille; all her French finery thrown aside; without stockings, and eating *tortillas* and *chile*, out of the common earthenware plate of the country. I must do the Mexican gallants the credit to say that some time ago, a proposal was started to provide chairs. The offer, however, was indignantly refused by the belles; and there they squat to this very day, according to the custom of their mothers and grandmothers.

" At this hour the *mantilla* was almost universally laid aside. The females of this country cannot be said to be distinguished for personal beauty. They are short in person, and seldom the possessors of elegant form or features. The eyes are commonly fine, and the majesty of their gait, which is remarkable, is characteristic of the admixture of Spanish and Indian blood. In their style of dress they have now adopted the French fashion; always preserving the *mantilla*, however, as before mentioned, in the earlier part of the day.

" I regret to see national costumes on the wane, here and elsewhere; most following the vile fashions of France and England: and this fancy extends itself in many cases to the trappings of the horses, as well as to those of the rider; and not a few of the young Mexicans now use the English saddle, instead of the high mameluke saddle and furniture of their fathers."

The state of parties, says Mr. Latrobe, is such, that there is no frankness nor forgiveness between the opposite factions. The popular party has never forgiven the execution of eight or ten miscreants who had robbed the house of a merchant, and is "tender of the lives of its near relatives and associates in prison!" The transportation of criminals is a farce. To meet a bleeding body dangling from a litter, the victim of assassination, is no unusual event. The diligence from Vera Cruz was robbed as a matter of course. The Protestants are not allowed a place of worship, and have only obtained, by the treaty with Great Britain, a place of sepulture for their dead. Whatever truth there may be in all this, a mass of perverse caricature there doubtless is; and we turn gladly from jaundiced exhibitions of the manners and customs of the people, to scenes less distorted from their true proportions: as, for instance, this picture of the Holy Week:—

" At an early hour on the Saturday, preparations were made to terminate the season of humiliation. What humiliation! On going into the streets we saw the Judases,—which I omitted to tell you, were, in fact, fireworks so disguised; hanging by thousands over the centre of the streets, and to the fronts of the houses. In the Plaza Mayor, the booths had entirely disappeared; troops were drawn up before the Palace, with the artillery in advance; and it was with the utmost difficulty I could make my way in the Cathedral. Every part of its pavement was crowded.

" I had hardly made my way to the high altar, when the deep bell of the church tolled half past nine,—and the lofty roof and the impending dome resounded with the burst of sounds which instantly pervaded the great city from one end to another! Within,—the trumpet and full organ mingled their burst with the clang of the great bells;—the dark veil which had shrouded the high-altar parted and rolled back, displaying the gorgeous pile of ornament

which it had concealed. Without,—the artillery thundered in the square—the bells of every church and convent through the city clanged incessantly, and were answered by those in the towns and villages far and wide—the Judases exploded by thousands, and the multitude hailed the conclusion of the Holy Week!"

The pyramids at San Juan Teotihuacan lead Mr. Latrobe into a dissertation of seven and twenty pages on the Hebrew origin of the Americans. At Xochicalco he describes some objects of interest to the student of the antiquities of New Spain. At El Pinal, a pine forest, noted for the robberies of which it has been the scene, he tells rather a good story of the robbing of the diligence, which occurred with almost weekly regularity. There is some humour also in the story of two English dray horses, who were stoned as heretics all the way from the coast to Mexico, and were useless when there, on account of their religion, until having been baptized by a priest, they were considered *Christianos*. His account of his escort, though not well told, is amusing. It consisted of four privates and a corporal. All had carbines; but two of them had no locks, two had no ramrods, and the fifth had a broken trigger; none of them had a cartridge. As for fighting, they considered it contrary to common sense to expect such a thing for eighteen dollars an escort, and we agree with them. We close our notice of the 'Rambler' with a description of Jalapa:—

" Suppose us now at Jalapa, a picturesque town situated high upon the broken sides of the huge mountain-rampart which serves as a base for the great chain of the eastern branch of the Cordilleras. A lovelier sight, and more beautiful scenery, you need not seek in the torrid zone! Below you, a steep descent leads rapidly down the verdant and fresh slopes, towards the shore of the Gulf, which is just visible from the highest parts of the town, at the distance of twenty leagues and upwards. Above you rises ridge above ridge, crowned by the Cofre de Perote; and yet farther to the southward, by the magnificent snow-covered summit of Orizava, in comparison to whose sublime and majestic stature, the elevated mountains which cluster round its feet, appear but as pygmies. To the right and left, extending along the mountains' sides, at the height of between four and five thousand feet above the sea, lies a delicious and salubrious region, covered with magnificent forests, and diversified with some of the most beautiful towns in New Spain; a country, smiling with an eternal spring, under the kindly influence of the heavy mists and dews, which, rising thus midway up the steep Cordillera from the bosom of the Gulf, pause here in mid-air, and promote that rich verdure, which is equally grateful to the inhabitants of the arid and sterile table-land, or of fervid sands of the sea-board.

" To this 'city of refuge' flies the unacclimated European from the port below, as soon as that dreaded sickness, the *vomito prieto* makes its annual appearance within the narrow walls,—forgetting the thirst of gain, in sudden solicitude to preserve dear life. To this point, the moment he lands, the panting traveller presses up the steep mountains with might and main; and blesses God when he feels the fresh air of the mountains, and sees the white walls of the convent of San Francisco crowning the steep: and here the inhabitant of the table-land, or the departing stranger, pauses and lingers, ere he descend into the infected *Tierra Caliente*, and ventures to inhale the hot and subtle breath of fever and disease."

*Report of a Committee of the Manchester Statistical Society, on the State of Education in the Borough of Salford, in 1835.* London, Ridgway.

In a former article we showed the necessity of establishing a national system of education, and of constituting some responsible body to superintend the working of the machinery. It would scarcely be exaggeration to declare, that any

system would be better than none, and that were Henry VIII. to re-issue his edict for enforcing uniformity in instruction, even were he to insist on the scholastic discipline of his own day being strictly observed, he would confer a benefit on the nation. But there are many who will think that the proposed uniformity is a mere Utopian scheme, because they deem that each class of society requires a special system for itself. A very little consideration might teach them, that, to a certain extent, the elementary education of all classes ought to be the same; that the difference between the instruction of the higher and lower classes, ought not to be so much in kind, as in degree. It is not, therefore, to any single class that we address ourselves, in urging the necessity of a national system of education, but to all; and if there be any more specially interested than others in the subject, we hold, that they are those who are able and willing to incur the expense of giving their children efficient instruction.

The very object and purpose of education is generally mistaken in England; the true design of teaching is, not to load the memory with facts, but to fill the mind with principles. This distinction is so important, that we may be permitted to say a few words in its illustration. Getting by rote, is simply committing a number of facts to the memory; a very different course is required to explain the nature and connexion of these facts, or, in other words, the principles of their existence. Now without the latter, which alone deserves the name of knowledge, the former is absolutely useless. To use the felicitous description of Amrû, the Saracenic conqueror of Egypt, "a man possessing stores of learning, with whose practical application he is unacquainted, is like a donkey laden with books, weighed down by a burthen beyond his comprehension." Take, for example, a child taught geography or astronomy in the ordinary course of school routine; he will tell you glibly enough the climates, latitudes and longitudes, length of day and night, &c. in the most remarkable places; but he will not be able to explain to you the causes of their variations. We lately saw a boy, who had Goldsmith's Geography at his fingers' ends, yet he had no more notion of the causes of day and night, than the peasant who believed that the sun, having gone to the extreme west, returns back by the same road, but cannot be seen, because, on such occasions, he travels in the dark. With a suspended ball made to revolve before a candle, he was taught this really useful lesson in a few minutes. It is sufficiently obvious, that the same simple apparatus might have been used to teach him the causes of the variation of the climates and the seasons, far more efficiently, than all the descriptions that were ever printed.

The defect in the education of the boy whom we have instanced, was, that he had been taught to exert his memory, but never to use his judgment or his senses. In Mudie's 'Guide to the Observation of Nature,' there are several striking examples of the great amount of knowledge that can be obtained simply by the senses without the aid of books. This is one of many important facts, the subject of every day's experience, and of every day's neglect. Pupils are never taught to attend to the phenomena before them, never instructed in the use of their eyes; books are placed before them instead of objects, and the latter are rarely, if ever, employed to elucidate the former. This must necessarily be the case, so long as there is no established system of instruction. No test being fixed for determining the relative capacity of teachers, parents have set up a false and inaccurate standard; "he is the best schoolmaster who gets the boys on fastest." The consequence is, that the teacher cannot give

real knowledge, because he is forced to devote himself to giving apparent knowledge. It is unnecessary for us to dwell on the effects of this cramming, as it is technically and intelligibly called.

The errors which we have pointed out, the neglect of the cultivation of the senses, and the excessive storing of the memory, are more than negatively mischievous. Miss Aikin's clever sketch, entitled "Eyes and no Eyes," only displays a very limited portion of the knowledge and enjoyment which is taken from youth, by neglecting to direct their attention to natural objects. But the evil goes farther: we have seen a boy punished, because, following the dictates of nature, he had struck out a better plan of education for himself, than that given by his master. The boy had made ten strokes on his slate, to help him in performing addition and subtraction; that is, he discovered for himself the plan of instruction, for the development of which Pestalozzi has acquired such fame; but his teacher actually chastised him for not trusting solely to his head. On this subject, however, we must refer our readers to Mr. De Morgan's very clever essay on teaching arithmetic, noticed to in a former number.

A great deal of metaphysical reasoning has been wasted on the subject of cultivating the memory. We have had systems of memories heaped upon us until it would seem possible to teach the whole circle of the sciences to a parrot. But the simple truth has been very rarely stated—the cultivation of an irrational memory is mischievous. He who is accustomed to get what he does not understand by rote, is learning to prefer words to things—is incapacitating himself for pursuing original investigation—and is sacrificing the substance for the semblance. It is to the prevalence of this practice in our schools, that the miserable sophism of name possesses more influence in England than in any other country; and that, while our national universities produce learned men in abundance, all original investigations are pursued, and all great discoveries made, outside their walls.

To devise a system of education, equally suited to all classes of society, cannot be very difficult; it has been done in France, in Germany; and it will be done in England, whenever a commission shall be issued, and a Board constituted for the purpose. But we must not disguise our belief, that the prospect of such a measure is remote. All the schoolmasters through the country would be in arms to resist the proposal; it is probable, that many would join them through a nervous dread of innovation; others, because they would not wish to deprive the Church of the mockery of control which it at present exercises over education; and not a few, from the fear of consequences that might result from a searching inquiry into the abuses of endowments. Whenever this great boon is conferred upon the nation, we may rest assured, that the Commissioners, and the Ministers who appoint them, will have to contend against "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness." Still, we feel assured, that, sooner or later, the government must give its attention to the important subject of national education.

It is, unfortunately, true that great apathy prevails upon this subject; indeed, so satisfied are some worthy people of the perfection of national education in England, that they have carried their sympathies abroad; and we have actually before us the prospectus of a charitable society, for the Education of females in China! No one can doubt the benevolent motives of the persons who have engaged in this project; but really, before they call upon a British public to

superintend the instruction of Chinese children, they should inquire into the state of education at home.

The Manchester Statistical Society, whose very useful and practical undertakings put to shame the proceedings of the parent Society in London, appointed a Committee to investigate the state of education in the manufacturing districts. Mr. Langton, Secretary to the Society, who unites active benevolence to industry and intelligence, is one of the Committee, and has had the principal share, we are informed, in preparing its reports. We have before us the last of these, describing the state of education in the borough of Salford, and we shall make some extracts from it, to show our educational philanthropists that objects of their charity may be found much nearer than China. We shall first take the number of pupils actually receiving instruction:—

"3181 or 5.7 per cent. of the population, attend Day or Evening Schools only.  
3410 or 6.2 .....attend both Day and Sunday Schools.  
6344 or 11.5 .....attend Sunday Schools only.  
12,885 or 23.4 per cent. of the Population.

"Of these, about 2,235 were found to be either under five, or about fifteen years of age, leaving about 10,650 as the number of children between the ages of five and fifteen, under course of instruction. The total number of children between these ages, in the Borough of Salford, being computed at 13,750, it would thus appear, that 3,100 (equal to 22 per cent. of the whole,) are receiving no instruction whatever."

Next we shall direct attention to the quality of the education, beginning with the Dame Schools:—

"Very few of these Schools were found, by your Committee, to possess more than fragments of books, and in many cases, no books were to be seen, the mistress not having the means, had she the inclination to procure them, & the parents neglecting to do so; it is, nevertheless, the usual practice, for the mistress to profess to find books, lest requiring the parents to provide them, should lead to the removal of the children.

"Order and cleanliness are little regarded, and the Children are, for the most part, congregated in close and dirty rooms, in which the whole business of the school is carried on, and where the family sleep. †

Two anecdotes will show how incompetent the teachers are to the task of instruction: the report indeed states, that "their ignorance even on the most common subjects is lamentable":—

"One poor old body, who was sometime in reducing the School to sufficient silence for conversation, having succeeded, at last, in moderating the disorder, remarked; 'If I can keep a bit of quietness, it is as much as I can do,' and, (emphatically,) 'as much as I am paid for.'

"In one School, an affirmative answer being given to the question, 'Do you teach morals?' one of the elder girls was called up, and the question was put, 'Can you tell me what is your duty to your parents?' she replied, with a vacant stare, 'No!' The mistress, a little discomposed, interfered, thus: 'No! Why can't you say, No Sir?' then moderating her voice, and apparently perfectly unconscious of the answer being discreditable, otherwise than by the omission of 'Sir,' she observed: 'I am sure I take care of' their morals, as well as I can; but you see, Sir, they are such uncultivated beings, it takes time to learn 'em how to say Sir to a gentleman.'

† One Mistress stated, that she had expended no less than 10s. in the purchase of books, only three years ago; but that they were now lost, or so dirty and torn, as to be utterly useless.—In three Schools there were no books at all—in another, mere remnants; one had a single copy of a Reading Made Easy; and in other nineteen Schools, the supply was wretched; five only, out of the whole number of sixty-five, appearing to be tolerably well provided."

‡ Four of these Schools were of superior character, containing Children of a higher class than it is usual to find in them; but of the rest, two were kept in cellars, twenty were very crowded, and eleven very close, some being also damp; in two Schools, many of the children were asleep; about thirteen Schools were very dirty, and as many disorderly, and only nineteen were found decent and orderly."

Let us next turn to the common Day Schools, and see the amount of instruction afforded:—

"Of 1814 Children contained in these Schools, it is estimated that about 520, or two-sevenths of the whole, learn reading only; 780, or three-sevenths, learn to read and write; 260, or one-seventh, learn reading, writing, and arithmetic; the remainder, or about one-seventh, may probably receive some further instruction."

"Few of the masters," it is stated, "are fitted for the task they have undertaken," and "many schools are kept in dark and confined rooms, ill-furnished."

"One Master was found in the act of turning his wife and daughter out of doors, in consequence of their presuming to request him to remain and attend to his school; he then closed the shutters, locked the door, and marched triumphantly to the beer shop; where he was found domiciled, when inquiry was made, four or five times, during the following fortnight, his family having, meanwhile, found an asylum with a relative.

"In one School of about thirty Scholars, there were neither forms nor desks; the place of the former being supplied by an old bed, (for it was parlour and kitchen and all,) to which was added a heterogeneous assemblage of old boxes turned upside down, varying in height from three feet to six inches. The place of the desk was supplied by an old three legged table, at which sat the master; and where, with the utmost ingenuity, there was barely room for three to write at once."

We must make room for some of the Committee's concluding remarks:—

"A rather larger proportion of Dame Schools in Salford is found to be in a tolerable condition; but, otherwise, all the remarks offered upon the character of the various classes of Schools in Manchester, are fully borne out by the experience of your Committee in the visitation of Salford; and they repeat, 'that the means of education for the lower classes of the people are extremely inadequate, and are in general very little fitted to secure any of the really valuable results of education.'

"Little or nothing is learned in the Dame Schools; and in the common Day Schools, reading, writing, and the rudiments of arithmetic, (for the most part taught in a very slovenly and mechanical manner,) form, with small exception, the sum of instruction."

Their final recommendation is too important to be omitted:—

"It is the belief of your Committee that, in the establishment of Normal Schools, the funds devoted to educational purposes would be more usefully employed, than in any other manner; for they consider it hopeless to expect an extensive improvement in the conduct of the Schools, until the Teachers have first been qualified for the task of Education."

The Manchester Committee is, as yet, the only body that has investigated the quality, as well as the quantity, of popular instruction; but, armed with no public authority, they could not investigate the state of education in the higher schools.

We cannot quit this subject without expressing our gratification, that so able a man as Dr. Bryce has been lately permitted to deliver lectures on education as a science, at the London University. He has devoted much time, and great talents, to the study of the youthful mind; and his plans of teaching at once render instruction pleasing and efficient. But no good can, or will, result from mere theory—we must now resign speculation for action; nothing,—literally nothing,—has yet been done for national education, though the subject has been talked about for years. Further discussion is not required; all who feel interested in the matter should be up and doing: if the government will not assume its proper place at the head of public instruction, we trust that a Society will speedily be constituted to inquire into the subject, and recommend the best system that, under present circumstances, can be introduced into England.

THE ALDINE POETS: *Prior.* 2 vols. London: Pickering.

Poor Matt! Fallen from his high estate of ambassador to the *Grand Monarque*, and plenipotentiary to the court of Apollo—fallen like a tower of Troy, leaving only a little rubbish behind him for the admiration of antiquarians! Who reads *Prior* now, but a be-mused parson, or one of those gentry with insatiable eyes, to whom all print is equally grateful, books being less made for them than they for books? Who does not rather seek to prove his taste, by showing his ignorance of *Prior* and his poems? A choice spirit knows no more now-a-days about such obscure matters, than a topping clerk of the Admiralty about Russell Square. Matthew was, in truth, a poet of that tribe especially denominated “classic” among us, who were fit for little else than to apostrophize “bright Phœbus” and “Cytherea,”—turn a Horatian metre in praise of some bobwigg’d Mæcenas, or compose a Bucolic with the due proportion of “purling streams,” “enamelled meads,” *Mopsas* and *Amaryllises*, by way of an English pastoral. They are moreover court-poets to man; laureates by self-investiture; always teaching the winds to bear “great Anna’s name” to the utmost poles, or the heavens to resound “Nassau’s achievements,” and never so much at the top of their inspiration as in a Birthday Ode, or verses on the “Marriage of Prince George of Denmark.” Is it wonderful that such bards should de-immortalize themselves at the end of a century? If *Prior* have not put off his immortality altogether, we believe it is not a little owing to his inopportune *bust* in Westminster Abbey, (for which and *etceteras*, he left five hundred pounds) as well as his still more inopportune epitaph of sixty-five lines—

“Where some surviving friend supplies  
*Hic jacet*, and a hundred lies.”

Much has been said about extending royal encouragement to the Arts; we doubt whether it ever made a great poet, any more than painter or sculptor. No era is so barren of poetic genius as that when the golden showers of the Mint descended most liberally into the lap of the Muse. We cannot allow the state of painting and sculpture under a Lorenzo or a Leo, to be quoted analogically against us; it was the circumstances of the times, acting through these princes, that made a Raffael and Michael Angelo. Though *Prior* did not get his hand very deep into the privy-purse, court-patronage fell upon him in the shape of embassies, made him a fine object for charitable subscription when he published, after his loss of place, and thus enabled him, as we have seen, to turn his memory into marble. But it would never have enabled him to make the eye of posterity revert from a smooth tablet on the wall, beneath some nightcap wit, to a wretched fragment in the floor, and glisten as it read—“O rare Matt *Prior*!”

He is best known by his ‘Nut-brown Maid,’ a tedious and heartless amplification of the beautiful old ballad of that name; in the first six lines of which we find more natural melody, however rustic the language, than sweetness of any mood in *Prior*’s whole poem—

Be it right or wrong, these men among,  
Of women do complain,  
Affirming this, how that it  
A labour spent in vain,  
To love them wile: for never a dole  
They love a man again.

We remember C. Lamb (now talking in Elysium with the shade of Homer, i. e. *Chapman*) loved to repeat this ballad day after day, and night after night, as it were a secular prayer: he particularly dwelt on the lines—

Now understand: to Wesmarlande,  
Which is mine heritage, &c.

We expect to receive general thanks for every item we record about a character so endeared to

all readers of heart or head, as *ELIA*. His opinions are precious. We shall never forget the peculiar and emphatic way with which he was used to *grind* out the ironical verses from ‘Blenheim,’ praising them (by parenthesis) for their English spirit, triumphant sarcasm, &c. They will be a fair sample of his critical acumen, as well as *Prior*’s poetical. Addressing Boileau, the panegyrist of that carpet-warrior, Louis XIV. he says—

When thy young Muse invok’d the tuneful Nine,  
To say how Louis did not pass the Rhine,  
What work had we with Wageninghen, Araheim,  
Places that could not be reduc’d to rhyme!  
And though the poet made his last efforts,  
Wurts—who could mention in heroic—Wurts?  
But, tell me, hast thou reason to complain  
Of the rough triumphs of the last campaign?  
The Danube rescued, and the empire sav’d,  
Say, is the majesty of verse retriev’d?  
And would it prejudice thy softer vein,  
To sing the princess, Louis and Eugene?  
Is it too hard in happy verse to place  
The Vans and Vanders of the Rhine and Maes?  
Her warriors Anna sends from Tweed and Thames,  
That France may fall by more harmonious names,  
Caust thou not Hamilton or Lumley bear?  
Would Ingoldsby or Palmes offend thy ear?  
And is there not a sound in Marlborough’s name,  
Which thou, and all my brethren ought to claim,  
Sacred to verse, and sure of endless fame?

Indeed the most humorous of all *Essayists* held both this poem, and that on the ‘Taking of Namur,’ as superlative in their kind—the satirically jocular. *ELIA* rated the author much higher than we do,—sooth to say, almost on a par with Chapman, Quarles, and the immortal “Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle.” Had *Prior* written more in this vein, and never meddled with subjects of imagination or passion, he would have gained far higher renown, or at least preserved it. His genius, like that of his epoch, had a decided bent towards badinage and light satire. Of his Epigrams it has been said with some truth that they are among the best our language contains; many of them, however, he drew from the French *Castalia*. We have met somewhere an inscription which may have given the hint of *Prior*’s celebrated epitaph on himself; it is taken from a tomb, erected in 1703 at Dundee. The rude inferiority of its style would seem to declare it the original—

Here lies a man  
Comed of Adam and Eve,  
If any will climb higher  
I give him leave.

‘Solomon on the Vanity of the World’ is condemned even by Johnson, whom we should have thought it especially calculated to please. Inflation of style, however, and pulpit drowsiness in laying down moral truisms, did not always pass for poetic merit with the author of ‘Irene.’ He pronounces, with equal justice, the “‘Alma’ imperfect, because it seems never to have had a plan;” but might have said, with still more, because it seems to want excellence of every kind, as well as intelligibility. We have elsewhere shown how little its “neat versification” has of real melody. *Prior*, though born with the star of Waller over his cradle, was, to the very core of his brain, a Queen Anne’s man. From him, indeed, may be dated the predominance of our *Augustan* School, for in Dryden’s ear, it has been well said, “the music of our old versification still sounded.” Bred up under a *petit-maitre régime*, just imported from Versailles, honest Matt, and his brother *Augustans*, thought the essence of poetry consisted in wit-cracking, in *tournure*, smart remark, and saucy rejoinder. To give this a proper vehicle, poems were cut up into couplets of little connexion, that they might be flippant and terse: they had no fluency, or song, (*melos*)—no more roll of numbers than so much coach rattle:—their authors are less poets than epigram-taghoppers: none were so capable of touching you off a sly apostrophe, or penning a copy of genteel verses to *Mrs. Cynthia*. But, on the other hand, their rural imagery seems all taken from fans and

fire-screens,—their characters have the smell of rappee and pulvilio—their passion walks upon high-heeled pumps—their rhythm, with a neat click-clack, upon pattens. We always conceive of them as writing their very sublimest things in a bed-gown, over the chocolate-table, to be read that evening at *Will’s*, before an awful coterie of gold-headed canes and snuff-boxes; or next forenoon, perhaps, by the bed-side of some reigning toast, after her *billet-doux*, and receipts for a wash or pomatum. *Prior* was the beau-ideal of such a rhyming wit—the transformation into English of a *Petit-Trianon* poet.

It will be evident, from the above, that as *poetry*, what we have called, for shortness’ sake, the Queen Anne’s style, is not to our taste; but we can see no reason why it should not, when good, be to every taste, as that *which it is*—polite reading in metre. As this, Pope’s ‘Rape of the Lock’ may class with our very best English works of genius; and, indeed, some finer strains of melody, though few, in his productions, give him grade even as a poet. *Prior* has far less of our admiration; yet there are quotable lines here and there, which, if they hardly remunerate for the trouble of reading two volumes, make it dangerous for the *littérateur* to overlook them. ‘Hans Carvel’ is a tale told with sprightliness; the subject borrowed, but not from the Fathers. Little can be said for his *Erotic* ballads, at least for those in which immoral beauty makes the merit, as it does to a greater extent in those of Moore. The ‘Garland’ we may call *Prior*’s best moral song, and perhaps the best of its species. ‘Haste my Nanette’ is better known to musical amateurs than the name of its author. ‘The Dove’ we must allow graceful and witty, if not overburthened with ethical instruction. Nothing else occurs to us as worth specifying. Upon these few verses now rests the immortality of Matthew *Prior*: to so narrow and humble a space is shrunk, like a great conqueror to the grave, his once wide-spread renown!

Madrid in 1835. *Sketches of the Metropolis of Spain and its Inhabitants, and of Society and Manners in the Peninsula.* By a Resident Officer.

[Second Notice.]

Of the theatrical art in Madrid, ancient as it is, our author speaks disparagingly. The performers are of low character, the houses badly constructed, worse lighted, and not ventilated at all. The Italian Opera is more admired by the higher classes, because there is more show, more animation, and good music. The Italian Opera, or indeed any place, is superior to the regular theatre. The performances of the latter consist in general of very tame pieces, without dramatic interest, because shackled by the unities. There are, to be sure, many of the old plays where these unities are despised, but most of them are bombastic, all of them declamatory. In fact, the people cared little for the performance: they went there to pass an agreeable evening, sometimes to fight. Now, there is a little more decorum, but the performance is often interrupted, and always preceded, by quarrels. In the part allotted to men (the sexes are separate) there is characteristic fighting for places; and, though the ladies cannot pull caps, they can use their tongues to some purpose.

“Excuse me, madam, but you are plump in my place.” “Holy Mary! you are quite mistaken, indeed you are. Here is my number, can you read?” “Oh! that is all a trick, pray get up.” “I shan’t move.” “Llaverna!” (*the old key-keeper*). “Raise your voice, madam, the poor woman is a little deaf since the wind changed.” \* \* \* “This is your seat no doubt, you are not wrong, but could you not make a little more room? at least, I can’t sit here.” “Amiga, if you grow fat, it is not my fault.” “Jesus! what a temper

you have got?—‘At your service, such as it is. Pray, do not thrust your elbows into my ribs.’ ‘Lilavera! a glass of water, and God will repay it to you!’ ‘Away with the water; it has wet all my mantilla, and soaked my fan. I shan’t hand it forward.’ ‘Pretty manners!’ growls the thirsty old lady. ‘If you are dry, go to the fountain!’ Virgen Santissima! Who is this woman walking over me! (the benches are in amphitheatre). Senora! pray mind what you are doing, you have put your foot through my skirt; let me tell you, with your leave, it is not meant to clean shoes. It was new the feast of St. Isidro.’ ‘I never had an eye in my foot yet, madam.’ ‘Well said, shameless!’ ‘Such words to me?’

In the names of the Spanish ladies there is not much variety; *Teresas, Pepas, Antonias, Tomasas, Felipas, &c.* abound; and, it is only by surnames that they can be distinguished. But you may live twenty years in Spain without learning the surname or family name of any one of them, since they are always addressed by their Christian names. *Married* ladies are the most difficult to be distinguished, since they do not take their husband’s name; and those who do not know them intimately, cannot know their maiden or family distinction. One evening, our author being locked out of his lodgings by his hostess, who was gone to the theatre, resolved, as the weather was inclement, to find her. He knew beforehand that the golden fleece was about as likely to be discovered: but away he went. First, he called at *La Cruz*, because it was the nearest, and his questions produced some confusion among the fair inmates of the *Casuela*, or portion of the pit set apart for ladies. Had he been the lover of any one present, his momentary intrusion might have been pardoned by her; but, every voice was raised against him: and, amidst the blessings of the fair throng, and in some danger of being handed over to custody for the rest of the evening, he made a precipitate retreat. But he did not relinquish the pursuit; off he flew to the *Teatro del Principe*—

“This time, however, warned by my previous experience, I went much more cautiously about the business. Addressing myself first of all to the sentry, (whom I took care to call ‘Caballero’), I requested him to have the very great concession to call out the male Cerberus. This done, I spoke to the latter in a tone as persuasive as possible, explained my isolated position, pointing at the same time to various flakes of snow, which still shone bright and sparkling on my cloak; all of which had its effect. ‘You are right,’ he said, ‘but how is this woman to be found? The *Casuela* is as full as a *Calabaza*; they are packed in like sprats in a barrel. Besides, God knows how many *Teresas* there may be under all those *gorras*, and *mantillas*, and shawls. However, the first act is nearly over. The moment the curtain drops, we shall see.’ This event was soon announced by the burst of voices in the *Casuela*, every one anxious to make up for the temporary restraint on their loquacity. *Doña Mariana*, the key-keeper, came forward, peered at me well through her spectacles, shut the novel she was reading, and said, ‘Just put your nose inside the door, Caballero; perhaps you may recognize her.’ A pavement of heads, of various shapes and sizes and coverings, left me no clue. Still, I noted one corpulent lady who had jammed herself into the corner next the wall, to avoid the elbows of her neighbours on one side. The green handkerchief brought under the chin as a preservative against the toothache, struck me as one I had seen worn by my landlady. But the half-view I got of the face of her next neighbour, convinced me she was the object of my research. ‘There,’ said I to the key-keeper, ‘There is *Doña Teresa*! but her daughter-in-law, who sits by her, bears the same name.’ ‘The name of her street?’ ‘Calle del Prado; call for *Teresa la mayor*.’ ‘Hombre? you don’t know how touchy people are. The eldest! who will answer to that? Let us try.’ ‘*Doña Teresa*!’ At the name, I thought the whole company were baptized after that great saint, so many faces were turned towards the door. ‘She of the Calle del Prado, *la mayor*.’ ‘Vaya! what an idea!

are we all grandmothers? what an impudent fellow!’—‘Hi, hi, hi,’ tittered the girls, a sorceror in search of an old witch. *Emplumarlos*—tar and feather ‘em both. Hi, hi, hi, a pretty message truly. *Mariana*! a glass of water, see if you can get in the *naranjera* (orange woman). ‘*Doña Teresa, la mayor!*’ Here is your lodger inquiring for the key.—‘Let him ask St. Peter for his,’ chattered some. \* \* \* But the *Doña Teresa* stirred not, until her daughter-in-law, more good-natured, directed her attention to what was passing; she, at last, looked round. How her eyes flashed! ‘Let him have patience, like other people, I am busy, and can’t get out.’—‘Oh, yes! you can,’ said the crowd. ‘Let out *la mayor*!’—‘Respect years!’ said others. In short, I got in to my lodgings that night, only to get out of them in a few days afterwards. *Doña Teresa* had a *sufoço*, took to her bed, and made things so agreeable, that I was forced to seek another resting place.”

Our author, as we have before intimated, is sometimes morose: at least he exaggerates, whether his object be effect, or the venting of his spleen; and we cannot help suspecting, that he is a disappointed man. But there is always a foundation for the superstructure he raises on it; and his observations, though superficial and often flippant, are amusing. When he tells us, for instance, that a Spaniard thinks little of changing one profession for another, without the knowledge required by the new state of life, he is partially right; but we know not, that the country is, in this respect, worse than others. “Many a military man,” he says, “has doffed his red cockade to stick his pen behind his ear, and become a man of finance, or administrator of crown rents, or collector of the public revenue: nay, if he have a mind to it, there is nothing to prevent him from turning *canonizo*, and sporting a shaven crown and shovel hat.” All this is pleasantly written; but have no military men among us done the same? We have them in every branch of the public service; and as to the church, our own had, and we believe has now, more clergymen whose first calling was arms, than all the other countries in Europe.

The following anecdote is too good to be omitted, though it is exaggerated; in Spain no *literates* are ordained, none who have not studied at a university; and assuredly the two officers would not have passed the spiritual muster, had they not been acquainted with Latin and a good deal more. The Spanish clergy are far from an illiterate body:—

“An instance occurred at a period not very remote. Two young officers of the Walloon guards, mounting guard at the palace one day, were discussing together their respective chances of promotion and success in the career they had embraced. After comparing notes they both came to the conclusion that the army was, at best, a beggarly profession, with a vast deal more tinsel than gold about it, especially in time of peace. But what was to be done? ‘Let us go up to the king, and ask him for a good benefice in the church,’ said the one. ‘With all my heart,’ said the other; ‘but the worst is, that I don’t know a word of Latin.’ ‘Bah! so much the better. I suppose you thought I was professor of Salamanca? Trash! let us ask for the *canonizo*, and get it—the Latin will come of itself.’ So said, so done; they drew up a memorial, setting forth in strong terms their horror at the dangers, and vanities, and temptations of this world, and their wish to serve God, in peace and good-will to all men. They got themselves announced, were admitted to the royal presence, and, whether from caprice or being amused at the freak, their request was granted. One of them obtained a canonry of Toledo, and is only lately dead; the other still lives in the comfortable enjoyment of a rich stall in Arragon.”

There is more justice in what our author relates of the diminutive size of the Spanish grandees. Certainly, they do not attain the average height of their countrymen. We should now look in vain for the tall, athletic nobles who so valiantly combated the Moors,—who by suc-

sive victories forced back the infidel tide from the Pyrenees to the Mediterranean. If one of the olden days, with his giant limbs, his stern look, his sinewy frame, were to arise, and perceive his frail, feeble, diminutive descendant, he would conclude that the ancient race had been extirpated:—

“A stranger cannot fail to be amused with the external marks of respect still shown to this high-born race. When ‘his excellency’ condescends to honour a ball or *soirée* with his presence, three strokes of the porter’s bell announces that a grandee is coming up stairs. The lacqueys bandy the name from one to the other, until it reaches the drawing-room, mangled, doubtless, by the mouths through which it has passed, but still historic. Its owner is heard rustling along the carpet in the next room; the eye of expectation directs its range some six feet above the floor, so as to fall full upon the face of this man of history; but it fails to encounter the desired object. There is, however, a bowing, and scraping, and muttering of words of compliment, half pronounced and hurried over, going on about eighteen inches below the proposed mark. Positively the lion must be in the room. Can it be that fattish, jolly little figure, with large unmeaning eyes, and crisped and awkward manner, which is shuffling about the room, and grinning and bowing to different persons in the circle? Alas! too surely this is one of the heirlooms of his country. With the difference of greater or less *embonpoint* in each individual, this portrait represents, pretty fairly, the external physical endowments of the great majority of the grandees, with, probably, not more than five or six favoured exceptions. Their intellectual powers and acquirements are pretty much on the same scale. The very few who possess superficial knowledge, a smattering on some commonplace subject, affix enormous pretensions to superior instruction.”

The cause of this degeneration is doubtless physical: the aristocratic youth of the peninsula generally marry in the same *caste*, which prevails as much as in India itself. The same phenomenon is to be witnessed in other lands. Such men are welcome to their blood: it is stagnant, polluted, weak as water; and the aggregate of it is not equal in vigour, and consequently in value, to that which runs in the veins of a stout yeoman.

In Spain, too, the nobles are equally inferior in circumstances: not that many of them are not the lords of vast estates; but their expensive habits of life, and still more their utter inattention to their most important affairs, have brought nine-tenths of them into serious embarrassments. If they are poor, their *stewards* are rich enough, a fact sufficiently expressive. But, indeed, if the great nobles paid more attention to their estates than they do, they could not, in these times, support their enormous establishments:—

“The expense of so many different offices, and the clerks attached to them, is sufficient, of itself, to swallow up a large proportion of any fortune, however great, without taking into account the farther drains upon it from an understanding between the book and cash keepers, and between them again and the agents, by means of a roguish freemasonry. What this tribe of locusts leave is sure to be devoured by the swarms of idle, lounging, dirty lacqueys whom it is the pride of itself! So said, so done; they drew up a memorial, setting forth in strong terms their horror at the dangers, and vanities, and temptations of this world, and their wish to serve God, in peace and good-will to all men. They got themselves announced, were admitted to the royal presence, and, whether from caprice or being amused at the freak, their request was granted. One of them obtained a canonry of Toledo, and is only lately dead; the other still lives in the comfortable enjoyment of a rich stall in Arragon.”

“The custom, charitable in principle, but ruinous in its consequences, adopted by families of distinction, both in Spain and Italy, of pensioning off old servants, and giving them apartments in the house, is another

great source of waste. The objects of this charity come to look upon their lodgings and pensions as their right; they regard themselves as an indispensable part of the family. If the amo is obliged, from necessity or any other cause, to reduce or withdraw the allowance made to this colony, there is a general outcry against him; he is a *mal caballero* (no gentleman), a miser, an unworthy son of a good father, &c. The demise of the heads of families is always sure to occasion a heavy drain of the successor's finances, from the pensions or legacies that are usually bequeathed to favourite servants, the sum total of the items in a last will and testament often amounts to so large a sum, as to put the heir of the property to severe trials to make them good. With a nominal income, many of them find it difficult to retain as much in their own hands as is absolutely necessary to the support of their rank in life."

Our author dwells largely on the monastic establishments of Madrid; but, as all have been abolished, we will not follow him.

The circumstances preceding and attending the breaking out of the cholera, are graphically told. Before that terrible disease actually appeared in Madrid, nobody seemed to dread it:—the capital has a peculiarly dry atmosphere, and, how it was asked, could the plague flourish in it? No; it is your low, damp situations, that have most cause to be alarmed. Such was the consolatory inference of some, while others trusted to the intercession of the patron, San Isidro, for protection. No doubt the most Catholic city would remain unscathed, though the rest of the world were blasted by the divine thunderbolts. The cholera was at Seville—nobody was afraid; it spread throughout Andalusia—all the fault of the situation, or, perhaps, the sins of the people, the genuine descendants of the Moors. Mora, a town four leagues from Toledo, was assailed by it: never mind! It has seized on Vallecas, a hamlet close to Madrid—still no fear! The Prado, or public walk, was visited as usual; the *tertulias* flourished as before; there was music abroad in the streets; groups of *estudiantes* (students) were to be seen congregated together, with their guitar, violin, and triangle; the savoyards, their dogs and monkeys, capered as before; the asses were knowing as ever; Crispin's lungs were not in the least impaired by his vehement praises in favour of "God's own city;" the freebooters plied their craft, as usual, under the approving smile of the municipal authorities; every street was bustling, animated, joyous, as at any former period. Never was change so sudden as the one which followed:—

"Such was the state of matters in 'heroic Madrid,' when, one morning, Doña Tomasa, my landlady, entered my room with the usual *icijara* of chocolate much earlier than was her wont, and with a face of singular perturbation—'Ay! Don E——,' exclaimed she, 'we are lost!—the court is gone to La Granja! The cholera is *here*—here in Madrid! Several have already died!—Lord help us! I am not afraid! But, to be frank, both Ramonita and I felt something very queer all last night! Well, well! we can't help it!'

"This astounding piece of intelligence took me somewhat aback, and, for some time, I felt inclined to question the correctness of my informant. But she soon silenced my doubts by summoning a veteran *alguacil*, who lived on the ground-floor, to confirm the truth of it. Don Manuel was both Bible and Gospel to Doña Tomasa. He had brandished the *vara* (white wand of office) for full thirty years—knew every one of the ins and outs of Madrid—received eighteen reals a day, besides perquisites. There was no appeal from so high an authority. The *corregidor* had sent for him; the *Alcalde del Barrio* had counselled him on the measures to be taken. The court was gone!—'Vaya, con Dios!' (Let it go, with God!) said the *alguacil*, in a tone singularly expressive of his wish that it might go in an opposite direction. I consoled my *patrona*, and listened to Don Manuel's forebodings with due respect and attention. 'Houses will be cheap soon,'

sighed the worthy functionary; 'mine will be very soon indeed at anybody's service. I have been subject to the colic all my life: I do not *pimentos*, and prefer a *pepino* to a *pavo*. Pray tell me what hope have I of escaping. No running away either!—why am I not a goat-herd on the Sierra Morena?' 'Hold your tongue, Manuel, for God's sake,' sobbed Doña Tomasa, 'or I shall lose my senses.' 'If you mean to preserve them,' replied the *alguacil*, 'keep your house, for there are doing in the streets which may well shake the nerves of stouter people. Half Madrid will be at the other side of the Guadarrama before night!'

Though far advanced in pregnancy, the Infanta, Doña Louisa, to encourage the people, repaired to the Prado every evening, and mixed familiarly with them. But, for some time, this magnanimous conduct had little effect; terror was visible in every countenance. Our author strolled through the streets, to judge, from personal observation, how the citizens persevered in their heroic confidence.

"The streets presented a singular aspect: here and there knots of people were talking and gesticulating vehemently in the shade of a vestibule; others were passing rapidly on, some with handkerchiefs to their mouths, by way of precaution. Straw and hay were scattered about before the doorway of many houses, symptoms of packing and departure; all sorts of vehicles, from the family coach down to the humble two-wheeled ox-cart, were to be seen waiting for their burthens in every direction. There was no getting up stairs, for the crowd of servants, masters, and mistresses thronging them on various errands—trunks were lying in the entrances and on the pavement, too bulky to be taken, and left to the care of any acquaintance or menial. I observed one corpulent gentleman in particular, who had secured a *calessin* for himself. It was crammed with luggage before and behind; but one large trunk still remained on the pavement, whose contents must have been valuable, judging from the owner's earnest attempts to persuade the apathetic and incredulous *calessero* that it was as 'light as a feather,' 'might go on the top,' &c. Just at that moment, a friend of the departing traveller passed by, and whispered something in his ear. The result was a nimble spring into the carriage than could have been looked for from his bulk, and a shout of 'Anda!' to the *calessero*. 'Y el baule?' (And the trunk?) said his *gallego* in waiting, 'The trunk!—take care of it, and God will reward you!' answered the fat man. The *calessin* set off at a sharp trot, and disappeared in a twinkling."

There was, indeed, much occasion for alarm. Some dropped dead in the streets; others, by hundreds, were seen carried to the hospitals; as you passed a door, you heard from within, "She is dying!" "She is just dead!" "Is just attacked!" "We shall all perish!" Amidst all this terror, however, something ludicrous was to be found:—

"The cholera began its ravages in the streets of *Funcanal*, *Ostaleza*, *San Anton*, and *de las Infantas*. Happening to pass through the last-named street, I was a little startled at meeting with a stout *gallego*, with a large coffin on his back, looking up to the balconies, and examining the numbers of the houses as he went along; at last he stopped at a door, and knocked. 'Ave! Maria purissima! Who is there?'—A man of peace,' and the door was opened. 'Is this *meuble* (piece of furniture) for you? Pray pardon me!' said the *gallego* to the horrified servant girl. 'Out with you, villain! How dare you frighten honest folks in this way!' The family, by this time, had clustered about the door, which was slapped in his face, amid a volley of 'vaya! fifty strokes of a cudgel!—que tonto!—here we are, all well, thank God!—throw him down stairs! put the rogue in it!' &c. &c. The *gallego*, like the '*eyus et tenax propositi vir*' of Horace, headed not this storm of words, got himself and his load turned round with some difficulty in the narrow staircase, and clattered down the steps with the usual salutation of 'pray excuse me; it was a mistake, I forgot the number. Rest with God!' He had the hardihood to repeat the same scene at three different doors, before he dis-

covered the true house of mourning for which his burden was destined. The women crossed themselves, and the men muttered curses, as this unwelcome messenger passed them."

The preceding extracts will show the character of this light, gossiping work; and will, we have no doubt, justify our lengthened notice of it. We have treated it after its kind, and not touched on many important matters which the subject might naturally suggest. We have good hopes of the ultimate regeneration of Spain. The character of the people is very susceptible of improvement; in fact, it contains many elements of greatness. The greatest curse of the country is *ignorance*, which cannot be dispelled but by slow degrees. *Idleness*, the next in magnitude, can be removed only when industry is sure of being rewarded: both curses are accidents, and not physically indigenous. If the Andalusian or the Murcian is idle, who is more active, more enterprising, than the Biscayan or the Catalan? Nay, even *Valencia*, which has been called the most effeminate province of the Peninsula, can boast of sons equally indefatigable: witness her muleteers, carriers, and vegetable dealers, whose lives the most industrious of our artisans could not rival.

*Oriental Historical Manuscripts, Translated from the Tamil.* By W. Taylor, Missionary. Madras: London, Allen & Co.

The general nature of this work was described in our notice of the first volume, but there are some circumstances connected with the portion now before us, which require a few remarks. Mr. Taylor labours very hard to prove, that his publication of these historical documents is not inconsistent with his character as a missionary, and seems to imply that there are, among his brethren, those who regard the time devoted to literary pursuits as utterly wasted. There can be no greater error; Christianity is now interwoven into the entire system of European civilization; it enters into the framework of public laws and private morals: in India, the social system and general polity rest upon another and very different religious foundation; and the missionary can have no chance of introducing the Gospel until he thoroughly comprehends, not merely the nature of the faith that he has to remove, but the force and bearing of the laws and customs that he will be necessarily compelled to retain. He must understand the national character of those he proposes to convert, that he may not, unnecessarily, shock prejudices and raise obstacles against his success. These truths are sufficiently obvious, and we deemed that they were now generally recognized; but Mr. Taylor's long apology and emphatic disclaimer of seeking any pecuniary profit, lead us to fear, that even in modern times parallels may be found to the worthy Quaker, who went to convert the Grand Turk, without knowing a syllable about the Mohammedan creed, or the Turkish language.

In the second article of this volume, we find a very able dissertation on the chronology of the Pandion kingdom, and the neighbouring states. We prefer such a dissertation to the mere translation of the Oriental authorities, and this leads us to notice an objection made to our former remarks on the Mackenzie Collection. We by no means recommend that the vast mass of materials accumulated by Col. Mackenzie should be translated and published. Such an undertaking would not merely entail an unnecessary expense, but would be absolutely prejudicial, because students would soon be disgusted by the labour of wading through the vast quantity of trifling and impertinent matter, with which it has pleased the native writers of southern India to overload their works. We, on the contrary, recommended that

the information contained in that valuable collection, should be separated from what is useless, and carefully arranged previous to publication. We can fortunately quote a specimen of the kind of work we desire, Harkness's Account of the Province of Kánnád, compiled from the MacKenzie Collection, and published in a recent number of the Asiatic Society's Journal. The last point to which we should wish to direct the reader's attention, is the importance of obtaining, if possible, some of the native histories of the transactions of the European powers in their country. From the accounts in the volume before us of the Mohammedan conquerors, we suspect that the Hindus are deeper politicians than is generally supposed; indeed, we had recently an opportunity of consulting a journal kept for some years by a native in the Presidency of Madras, and can safely say, that it would bear comparison with many European works of a like class, in shrewd perception of character and acute analysis of political motives.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Berkeley Castle; an Historical Romance*, by the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley, M.P. 3 vols.—The Evidence House at Berkeley Castle, whose stores are, of course, at the command of the author of this romance, has been long renowned as a rich depository of family archives and historical documents. A finer field, a richer treasure, for the purposes of the romance writer could hardly be offered, and Mr. Grantley Berkeley has here availed himself of it, with what success remains to be considered. The tale, which is announced as the first of a series, is based upon a feud which divided the Lords Berkeley and Lisle, during the fifteenth century: this, of course, offers a ready entanglement for the love-plot of the story.—Sir Maurice Berkeley, brother of the lord of the domain, choosing to fall in love with a maiden whose family are bound hand and heart to the opposing faction. His misplaced affection leads to surprises, escapes, skirmishes; and the good knight's lot is not made the easier, by the natural circumstance of his passion being sternly disconcerted by his brother. The tale is told by one of his retainers, a cousin of Mistress Isabel Mead, the heroine; whose own love affairs and adventures have enough vicissitude in them to add to its interest. Such is its broad outline, and, with the admirable *matériel* at command to fill it up, a more experienced and vigorous writer would have wrought out a powerful work. But Mr. Berkeley's *dramatis personæ* want the ease, the bound, and the flush of life; the narrative runs on smoothly and glibly, but leaves no impression, and the costume wants truth in the detail; it is not mere coats of mail and plumes of feathers that will carry the reader back to the fifteenth century. Ingram Watts, however, the drunken groom, is not an unsuccessful attempt at a character; the ladies Julia, Editha, and Isabel, are sketched in with delicacy, and the work, with all its feeliness, is not unreadable. Mr. Berkeley has evidently felt his subject, so far at least as it is connected with the history of his family; and he lingers over the descriptions of the home of his forefathers with an affectionate minuteness, which give a pleasant tone to his novel.

*The Actress of Padua, and other Tales*; by the Author of *The Forsaken*.—In this collection of stories, (the work of an American writer,) there is power enough displayed to warrant its author in attempting a longer and more sustained flight. *'The Actress of Padua'* is merely a version of Victor Hugo's very forcible but somewhat *forced* *'Angelo'*. It is far more difficult to *undramatise* a legend—to dilute its dialogue with description, and add those little accessories which are necessary to the truth and life of a prose tale, than to condense a three-volume novel into a respectable acting play; and yet the author has been more successful in *'The Actress of Padua'* than in *'The Daughter'*, which is a little drama founded upon Madame de Genlis's stale novel *'Le Siège de la Rochelle'*. The other Tales, some of which have appeared in the Transatlantic Annuals, are good enough after their kind.

*Watson's Geography of British Plants*.—Since the appearance of Humboldt's ingenious essay upon the geographical distribution of plants, and his well-

known attempt to show that the proportions of different natural orders in different latitudes are determined by atmospheric conditions, many writers have contributed to our stock of information upon this curious subject, and Mr. Watson himself is already known as a labourer in the same field. It is not a little remarkable, however, that scarcely anything should have been added to the *general conclusions* pointed out by Humboldt, and that almost all that has since been written goes more to support his views than to add to or extend them. Whether it has arisen from a consciousness of inability to follow in the philosophical path of this great man, or whether he has really exhausted the subject for the present, we know not; but certain it is, that all the more recent writers upon geographical botany have confined themselves to a dry detail of facts, the application of which they leave to others. Perhaps it is best that it should be so; and we ought to be grateful to those who act as collectors of data, out of which future Humboldts may build their systems, especially if they are as scrupulously pains-taking as Mr. Watson, whose book does him much credit as a rich accumulation of facts. Nevertheless, we cannot help thinking that far more interest would be given to such inquiries, if those who occupy themselves about them could, in addition to the recital of certain facts, explain to us in what manner they may be applied, what points of theory they tend to elucidate, or, at least, what it is that renders it desirable that such facts should be put upon record at all. For example, a considerable object with Mr. Watson is, to show at what elevations above the sea particular species grow in different places—to point out by what degrees of latitude they are limited to the north or the south, and to determine the proportion that one genus, or natural order, bears to others in a given place; to this Mr. Watson evidently attaches great importance, and he has performed his task probably as well as it could be performed. But the natural inquiry next is, what all these results go to?—what point in the philosophy of physical geography, or even geographical botany, they elucidate? and here we search in vain for an answer. This is a pity, for the author seems full of his subject, and is no doubt capable enough of telling the world that which unfortunately he has not revealed. Facts, no doubt, are always valuable merely as facts, for no one can foresee what results may not be worked out of truths of seemingly the most barren character; but we do submit, that their value may be materially increased, by showing what it is that they are expected to illustrate; and that for the unlearned reader this is absolutely indispensable, if his interest is to be excited in the inquiry.

*'Elements of Medical Jurisprudence'*, by Alfred S. Taylor, F.L.S., &c. &c.—There is no branch of science which has been more neglected in England, than that of which the present volume treats; and Mr. Taylor is a benefactor to his countrymen, by publishing on the subject. So little have lawyers thought upon the connexion of their profession with medical science, that there seems to exist an impassable gulf between the legal and the medical mind. There is no community of idea or of principle between them; and the two professions are at issue upon a vast variety of points in which the lawyer is behind his age. In spite of all that can be done, points of law which turn upon abstruse medical facts, will ever be liable to error; and the utmost that a lawyer can acquire, will not release him from the necessity of taking much on trust. But there are hundreds of errors concerning physiology, pathology, and even metaphysics—errors fatal to justice—from which barristers and judges would be exempted, by a small attention to this branch of medical education.—Mr. Taylor's book should form a part of every lawyer's library.

*'Remarks on the Unity of the Body, as illustrated by some of the more striking phenomena of Sympathy, both mental and corporeal'*, &c., by George Macilwain, M.R.C.S.—A very lengthy title-page is the "swelling prologue" to a scientific development of the doctrines of the late Mr. Abernethy. It is evidently the work of a pupil of that excellent, though somewhat irritable, gentleman; and it is pleasing to observe, that the teacher has, with his peculiar opinions, infused into his scholar the noble, but simple, principles of personal and professional morality,

which governed his own conduct in life. The volume is an enlargement of an opening lecture on medical surgery, and the author avails himself of the opportunity to transmit, to those to whom it is addressed, the valuable legacy he has received from his predecessor. The work is entirely professional. The writer has put forth some opinions as to the relative value of hospitals and dispensaries as clinical schools, and advocates the claims of the latter to be recognized as competent places of instruction. We perfectly agree with him, that "abstract justice requires that all men should be allowed to obtain their information when, how, and where they please. They should neither be confined to one institution nor another—the best check to incompetency being a full, fair, and efficient examination." Political economy applies to learning as to commerce; and the utmost competition, and the greatest freedom from monopolizing restrictions, are as loudly demanded by the spirit of the age in one department as in the other.

*'Noureddin; or the Talisman of Futurity: an Eastern Tale'*, by Catherine J. Finch.—We could have given a good account of this book without having read beyond the title-page; but we had patience and conscience enough to travel through the foreseen incidents and disasters of the whole two hundred pages, and to spell out the moral as deliberately, as if we had not known from the first that it would be spoken by a genius, and end with the old wholesome truth that "Tis all for the best." But Noureddin is a pleasantly written story of its kind, and may harmlessly fill a niche on the shelves of a school library.

*'Adventures of Don Poplin'*.—The author personifies Irish Orangeism as a new Don Quixote. Whatever resemblance the ultra-principles of the party he satirizes may bear to the erratic chivalry of the knight of the rufel countenance, he possesses not a particle of the spirit of Cervantes.

As the winter brings us its complement of tales and songs for the Christmas fire, and the spring its flush of small poems, so is the summer always prodigal in guide-books. We have one or two here before us: *'Coghlan's St. Petersburg and Moscow'*; Mr. G. Tattersall's *'Guide to the Lakes of England'*, a thick volume, illustrated with letters, written in an easy style, and not unamusing. With these, though their beat be some thousands of miles asunder, we may mention the names of two very silly little books, the *'Journal of a Tour from Bath to the Lakes of Westmoreland'*, &c., and *'Letters Descriptive of the Virginia Springs'*, &c. by Peregrine Prolif.

*List of New Books*.—Kendall's *Short Hints to Junior Evangelists*, 18mo. 1s. 3d. cl.—*Sacred Classics*, Vol. XXIX. (Hornes on the Psalms, Vol. II.) 4s. 6d. cl.—*Tales of Early Piety*, 18mo. 3s. cl.—*Wiseman's Lectures on the Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion*, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. cl.—*Mudie's Popular Mathematics*, 9c. 9s. 6d. cl.—*Ben Brace*, 2nd edit. with illustrations by Cruikshank, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—*Ratlin the Reefer*, 2nd edit. with illustrations, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—*Library of Anecdote*, Vol. II. (Book of Table Talk.) 12mo. 6s. cl.—*Wall's Grammatical Spelling Book*, 12mo. 1s. 6d. bd.—*Arnaido Gaddo*, and other Poems, by Lord Byron, 8vo. 12s. cl.—*Beauty of the Rhine*, a Poem, by Capt. Hort, 8vo. 7s. cl.—*The Botanist's Manual*, 18mo. 2s. cl.—*Courses of Lectures on the Education of Infant Children*, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—*The Angler's Manual*, by John Turton, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—*Slade's Family Readings from the Gospel of St. John*, 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—*Berens's Twenty-six Village Sermons*, 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—*Daubeney's Protestant's Companion*, 2nd edit. 4s. 6d. bds.—*The Oakleigh Shooting Code*, by Thomas Oakleigh, post 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—*Bellenger's French Fables*, by M. Des Lyons, new edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—*Letters of Runnymede*, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—*Whately's Rhetoric*, 5th edit. 8vo. 12s. bds.—*Strait's Fortification and Artillery*, 2nd edit. with folio Vol. of plates, 30s. cl.—*Leveson on Brewing and Malting*, 8vo. 21s. cl.—*Coulson on the Deformities of the Chest*, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—*Redford's Select Remains of the late Rev. J. Cooke*, 2 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d. cl.—*Perkins on Haberdashery and Hosiery*, 18mo. 4th edit. 3s. 6d. cl.—*The Medical Casket*, by Henry Congreve, 32mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—*Gresley on the Law of Evidence in the Courts of Equity*, royal 8vo. 21s. bds.—*A Hand Book for Travellers on the Continent*, post 8vo. 10s. cl.—*Starke's Travels in Europe*, 9th edit. post 8vo. 15s. cl.—*Youth's Book of Natural History*, 4to. 2s. svd.—*The Life of Black Hawk*, post 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.—*Russia*, by the Author of *'England, Ireland, and America'*, 8vo. 8d. svd.—*Collins's Statistics of the Church Accommodation of Glasgow*, 8vo. 6d. svd.—*Belaney's Sermon on the Christian Exercise of Mutual Assistance*, 8vo. 6d. svd.—*Bellett's Two Sermons on Irvingism*, 12mo. 1s. svd.—*Correspondence of Louis XVIII.* in French, 8vo. 7s. 6d. svd.—*Townsend's Historical and Chronological Arrangement of the Old Testament*, 4th edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 14. 16s. bds.—*Standard French Works*, Vol. 3, (Chateaubriand's *Essai sur la Littérature Anglaise*), fc. 6s. svd.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JULY.

KEPT BY THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY AT THE APARTMENTS OF

THE ROYAL SOCIETY, BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1836. JULY.	9 o'clock, A.M.		3 o'clock, P.M.		Dew Point at 9 A.M. in de- grees of Fahr.	External Thermometer.			Rain in inches. Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.				
	Barom.	Attach. Therm.	Barom.	Attach. Therm.		Fahrenheit.	Self-registering.	.116							
						9 A.M.	3 P.M.								
F 1	30.136	71.2	30.134	74.7	62	68.2	81.2	61.9	77.6	E	A.M. Thick haze. P.M. Fine & cloudless. Evening, Cloudy.				
S 2	30.220	79.8	30.200	79.2	67	75.0	80.6	65.3	76.9	SE	Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Fine and clear.				
○ 3	30.275	79.7	30.243	77.9	60	69.6	78.8	56.4	79.9	SW	{ A.M. Cloudy—light wind. P.M. Fine and cloudless. Evening, { Fine and clear.				
M 4	30.291	81.3	30.229	79.5	63	74.6	84.6	61.6	85.2	SW	Fine and cloudless—light haze. Evening, Fine and clear.				
T 5	30.170	79.3	30.087	79.9	65	76.2	83.6	63.8	77.8	E	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds. P.M. Fine and cloudless. Evening, { Cloudy, with lightning.				
W 6	30.071	80.0	30.126	81.4	70	72.7	74.2	67.2	77.6	SSW	{ A.M. Thunder and lightning, with heavy rain and wind. Evening, { P.M. Fine—light clouds. Evening, Cloudy.				
T 7	30.261	77.4	30.249	78.4	58	66.0	72.2	57.2	73.6	SSW	Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Cloudy.				
F 8	30.305	74.4	30.301	75.6	58	64.5	71.2	58.3	73.5	WSW	Fine—light clouds, with light brisk wind. Evening, Cloudy.				
S 9	30.257	75.6	30.220	76.6	59	69.6	75.4	58.9	76.7	SW	{ A.M. Cloudy—light wind. P.M. Fine—nearly cloudless. Even- { Evening, Cloudy.				
○ 10	30.158	75.3	30.144	77.3	65	72.0	78.8	61.4	80.7	SW	{ A.M. Cloudy—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. { Evening, Cloudy.				
M 11	30.142	81.3	30.041	79.5	65	73.3	80.7	63.8	81.2	SSW	Fine and cloudless—light wind. Evening, Cloudy.				
T 12	29.734	73.8	29.814	77.4	67	67.2	71.5	65.0	74.3	SSW	{ A.M. Overcast—very light rain. P.M. Cloudy—light shower. { Evening, Cloudy.				
● W 13	30.075	77.6	30.004	75.5	53	64.5	71.6	53.8	72.2	SW	{ A.M. Cloudy—light wind. P.M. Fine and cloudless—light { wind. Evening, Overcast—light brisk wind.				
T 14	30.002	75.5	30.006	75.4	59	65.4	70.6	58.6	71.7	SW	Fine—light clouds, with light brisk wind. Evening, Cloudy.				
F 15	29.898	69.2	29.757	71.4	59	61.6	63.8	57.0	66.4	S	{ A.M. Overcast—light wind. P.M. Overcast—heavy rain, { with high wind. Evening, Fine and clear.				
S 16	29.774	69.6	29.828	71.8	53	61.2	68.0	50.4	69.0	.316	Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Overcast—light wind.				
○ 17	29.911	68.2	29.998	71.2	54	61.8	68.6	58.5	69.8	W	{ A.M. Lightly overcast—light wind. P.M. Fine—light { wind. Evening, Cloudy.				
M 18	30.140	72.4	30.093	71.6	54	62.6	69.6	54.8	70.8	W	{ A.M. Lightly overcast—light wind. P.M. Fine—light { clouds and wind. Evening, Fine and clear.				
T 19	29.938	66.9	29.786	69.9	54	62.8	64.7	52.7	67.8	SSW	{ Cloudy—light rain, with light brisk wind. Evening, Over- { cast—light rain.				
W 20	29.560	62.5	29.453	64.2	54	54.3	57.8	52.8	59.2	.311	A.M. Overcast—it steady rain & wind. P.M. Cloudy—it wind.				
T 21	29.677	67.7	29.665	61.2	51	59.2	61.3	46.2	63.2	SW	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Overcast—thunder { wind and lightning, with heavy rain. Evening, Fine and clear.				
F 22	29.794	64.9	29.816	65.9	51	55.8	61.4	50.3	65.0	.233	WSW	{ A.M. Lightly overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Cloudy— { light wind.			
S 23	30.070	65.8	30.069	66.3	52	60.4	64.6	51.7	65.8	SW	Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Cloudy.				
○ 24	29.835	61.3	30.705	65.3	53	55.8	64.3	51.3	65.0	.047	{ A.M. Overcast—light steady rain & wind. P.M. Cloudy—light { wind.				
M 25	29.800	62.3	29.895	67.2	54	57.0	64.7	52.8	65.7	.186	WNW	Overcast—light brisk wind. Evening, very light rain.			
T 26	30.138	67.7	30.134	69.5	55	62.6	68.2	54.3	71.3	S	A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Lightly overcast.				
W 27	30.168	66.3	30.164	71.3	59	64.7	72.9	60.2	73.6	SW	A.M. Overcast. P.M. Cloudy—light wind. Evening, Fine & clear.				
○ 28	30.091	72.5	30.014	72.8	60	67.5	75.5	55.8	76.8	SSW	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Fine & clear. { Overcast—light rain and wind. Heavy rain, 6 A.M. Even- { ing, Cloudy—light wind.				
F 29	29.689	68.0	29.594	72.5	62	63.3	68.2	61.4	69.7	.250	NE var.	Fine—light clouds, with light brisk wind. Evening, Cloudy.			
S 30	29.990	67.4	30.152	69.2	54	61.6	64.4	54.9	65.5	SW	A.M. Fine—light clouds & wind. Evening, Cloudy—light wind.				
○ 31	30.453	70.3	30.433	69.8	54	59.2	66.2	50.5	66.8	.158	SW	Fine—light clouds & wind. Evening, Cloudy—light wind.			
MEANS...	30.033	71.8	30.001	72.9	58.2	68.2	70.8	57.1	71.9	Sum. 1.886	Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capil- larity and reduced to 32° Fahr. ....				
										9 A.M. 3 P.M.	29.919 29.883				

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE  
AND ART.

We have such a pile of Magazines and periodicals before us, as ought to offer abundant subjects for pleasant comment; yet, so exactly do successive issues resemble one another, and so great is the family likeness between all—endless “iteration” of worn-out subjects, small wit, small pleasanties, and wearisome mediocrity—that everything like discriminating criticism is next to impossible; of course we do not forget the brilliant light which genius sheds over *Blackwood*,—or Marryat’s contributions to the *Metropolitan*,—or the fine Roman hand to be read, though at rare intervals, in the *Monthly Repository*, or occasional papers in *Fraser*, *Tait*, and perhaps others; but if we were to except these wholly, they form not a third of the huge mass before us, and we are speaking of the great staple manufacture which characterizes Magazine literature; and whoever shall examine it attentively, will be startled to find how clearly a common level may be defined, above which few papers reach, and below which few fall. One cause is obvious enough; the working which our language has received, has rendered the mere attainment of a tolerably fluent and smart style an easy matter; and an editor can cover any given number of sheets with a sufficiency of type at a very reasonable price, provided neither deep thought nor glowing imagination,—neither fine taste, education, nor acquirement, be largely demanded. Nothing, in fact, is more common in the market than mere surface knowledge and mere talent; but learning and genius are as rare as ever; and as there is ten times the space to be hunted over, it is more difficult to find them. We have heard it argued, indeed, that a certain quantity of this namby-pamby is required by the public,—and, in degree, this is true; but beyond that degree, it is mere arguing in a circle. The public appetite is not only to be gratified, but its mind nourished; it grows by what it

feeds on; and Periodical Literature must, we fear, plead guilty of encouraging the prevailing disposition for the idlest of all idle reading. That the clubs and reading-rooms, and circulating libraries, and the fashionable watering places, must have their supply, is admitted; but it is absolutely requisite that every ray of intellectual light should be excluded from works destined to that purpose? Are the frequenters of those places such confirmed Sybarites, that their luxurious quiet would be disturbed by the rustling of a single thought?

But to come to our more immediate purpose—*Blackwood*, confessedly and pre-eminently at the head of the Magazines, gives us the conclusion of ‘The Merchant’s Clerk,’ an “o’er true” tale of hard-heartedness and sorrow—a romance somewhat after the fashion of the Minerva Press—a seasonable paper on British Architecture—translations from the Greek Anthology—and an article on the Anglo-Norman Trouveres. The *New Monthly* is precisely as old as—, and as it was, so it seems it ever will be: a twelvemonth’s numbers of this work might be taken as illustrative of all we have said on the subject of periodical literature; there would be found many pleasant papers, not one that would awaken a thought: whether the spirit of the age calls for something more definite, this Magazine is, we think, destined to prove: the best article is ‘Talking made Easy.’ *Tait*, healthy and vigorous, though somewhat rough, as usual, is content this month to play the gossip; a lyric by the Corn-Law Rhymier is sweet, but very unequal, and there is nothing else deserving special notice. *Fraser*—but there is a plague spot upon it, and we close the work with a shudder: the review, as it is called, of Mr. Granthey Berkeley’s book, is a disgrace equally to literature and the age; it is a disgrace to manhood. The *Metropolitan* is distinguished by a scene from ‘Mr. Midshipman Easy,’ and a very serviceable article ‘On the Justice and Expediency of establishing an

international Copyright Law.’ We have so often adverted to this subject, briefly and incidentally, that we must be content to recommend the paper to the attentive consideration of the reader. There is also an explanatory paragraph respecting the rechristening of ‘Rattlin the Reefer,’ and we shall next week give the parties the benefit of its republication in our miscellaneous column. The *Monthly Repository* has one article of unwanted spirit and fun, though somewhat too personal, ‘The Royal Suitors.’ The *Gentleman’s* is the same “good old English gentleman” asever. The article on the Pariahs, in the *Asiatic Journal*, affords a shocking and a painful aspect of human nature; but, alas! has not every society its Pariahs? or are prejudice and bigotry indigenous only to the soil of Hindustan? The *Dublin University Magazine* is substantially filled; a good deal of German, a little Hebrew, plenty of politics, but only a sprinkling of nationality—a single paper, on the Botany of Ireland. It is not often that we can bestow so much of our tediousness on our contemporaries, and yet we must not conclude without mentioning ‘Nimrod’s French Tour,’ in the *New Sporting Magazine*,—capital paper: its character may be inferred from the opening sentence “Some reason would naturally be expected from a person who may have resided five years in a foreign country and never visited its capital; and mine for never having visited Paris, is given in a few words. Had there been anything like a fast coach from Calais to Paris, I should have gone thither long ago, but,” &c.; indeed, his earnest and thorough contempt for French driving and French diligences is quite amusing. Here we would willingly conclude, but we cannot pass over a flagrant piece of sophistication in the *British Magazine*, a work which, from its professed object, should assume a virtue if it have it not. It occurs in a notice of Mr. Todd’s too celebrated forgery, which the Reviewer describes as “one of the cleverest pamphlets of the kind;” adding, in a note on

Height of Cistern of Barometer above a bench-mark on Waterloo Bridge=33 feet 24 in.—Ditto, above

the premeasured mean level of the Sea=05 feet.

—Height of Receiver of Rain Gauge above the Court of Somerset House=79 feet.

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the Italized words, "It seems that it has been actually quoted as genuine, and then attacked as a deliberate forgery;" and he proceeds to praise the work as an exposure of the "arts practised by the Romanists!" One would really have imagined, after the use made of the work, and the consequent injury it has done to Protestantism, by the exposure, that some censure on such trifling with sacred truth would have been thought necessary. For our own parts, we have too profound a conviction of the impregnable solidity of the Protestant principle, to view such Charlatanism with anything but contempt; though we cannot conceive anything more mischievous or dangerous than fighting with such poisoned weapons.

We observe that more than one petition has lately been presented to the House of Commons from Scientific and Literary Institutions, praying that the duplicate works and coins in the British Museum might be distributed among them. Such, assuredly, ought to be their destination; but a difficulty suggests itself—who is, and on what principle are we to decide on the relative claims of the several applicants? Would it not be advantageous to sell the duplicates, allowing no other competitors than these Societies, and thus furnish additional funds for enlarging and improving the great national collection? A petition, too, has been presented by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, from Mr. John Millard, whose pamphlet on the Museum we lately noticed, praying for a Clasped Catalogue of the Books and Manuscripts, and setting forth that Mr. Murray was willing to print and publish such Catalogue at his own cost and risk. We have also just seen a paper presented to the House by Sir Robert Peel, containing an account of the proceedings of the Trustees consequent on the Report of the British Museum Committee. The proposed reduction in the number of Official Trustees and the admission of literary and scientific persons, are recommended "to the serious consideration of the General Board of Trustees, whenever the occasions arrive for giving practical effect to these resolutions." The consideration of "the further division of departments," &c. and other subjects connected therewith, is referred to a Sub-Committee; and a general meeting is directed to be called, for the purpose of deliberating on the 15th resolution,—"the best means of giving to the public a facility of obtaining casts from the statues, bronzes, and coins, at as low a price as possible." Measures have, it appears, been taken for compiling a new Synopsis, but unfortunately the Trustees confine themselves to a consideration of the resolutions of the Committee, and, consequently, not a syllable is breathed respecting the preparation of a *Clasped Catalogue of the Books and MSS.*, or of Mr. Murray's offer to print and publish those Catalogues at his own expense,—circumstance, we should think, worthy of being considered in the proposed interview with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for the purpose of consulting him respecting future financial arrangements.

The first distribution of the pictures purchased by the Society for the Encouragement of British Art, will take place this day, by lot, at Messrs. Colnaghi's. The funds at the disposal of the Committee have, necessarily, been very limited—we hope before next year they will be trebled or quadrupled,—and even the time for selection has been comparatively brief, yet the little collection looks well, and does credit to the judgment of the Committee. In publishing a description of the works, with the names of the artists, we act, we conceive, in furtherance of the objects for which the Society was established—for

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,

To scorn delights and live laborious days;

and it is no small honour to any artist to have his name registered under such circumstances: but we shall not offer a word of criticism, for though all would be entitled to a favourable notice, one or two have no doubt been chosen rather for their high promise, than its fulfilment. The following are from the Academy: *Edinburgh from the Sea*, W. A. Knell; *Neapolitan Peasants*, H. Howay, R.A.; and *Cavern at Sorento*, W. Havell: from the Suffolk Street Gallery we have, *River Scene, Moonlight*, E. Childe; *Street Scene in France*, W. A. Wilson; *The Quay at Dublin*, T. Creswick; *The Thames at Northfleet*, A. Vickers: and from the Water-Colour Society, *The Watering Place, Morning*, G. Bennet; *Gipsy Scene, Hampstead Heath*, F. Nash. Next week we shall

announce the names of the fortunate possessors. But, before we take leave of the subject, we may observe, that having seen the register in which subscribers enter such pictures as they recommend to the consideration of the Committee, we feel assured that the heart rather than the head has sometimes been influential. Now we earnestly entreat of the Committee to take the name of the Society as the polar star by which they are to steer their course. There may be twenty reasons why a picture should be sold; there can be but one why it should be purchased by the Committee; and, restrict themselves as they may, they will find their duty onerous enough.

Those who have an eye for

Storied windows richly dight,

cannot be much better pleased than by a visit to Mr. Stanley's Auction Rooms, Old Bond Street. There they will find a gorgeous specimen of their favourite art; one of three large windows brought from a convent at Mechlin, and now on sale,—blazing with such hues of gold and scarlet and cerulean blue as no modern glass-stainers can conjure out of their crucibles and furnaces. There is, too, an expression and character in the heads of some of the figures, and a dignity in their attitudes, not unworthy of the best age of old German art; and it is curious to see twined in among these figures, so noble in their formality, borders classical enough to have decorated an Etruscan vase, and cherubs as graceful as if Flamingo had designed them. This window, which, we are told, is only surpassed by one in Salamanca, is well worthy an hour's deliberate and admiring study.—To the "Titian Pictures," exhibiting, we should prefer giving the name of *Titianesque*, as they are certainly in this manner, and, quite as certainly, not by Titian. Neither his style of drawing nor draping is to be found in them, and although they have his gorgeous tone as well as transparency in some parts, yet his flesh colours were never so hot, nor his shadows so earthy. Were the dirt and modern bedaubment which defiles them removed, they would "come out" far better things, but never proceed Titians. A high Academic authority, it is said, pronounces them by Paul Veronese; to us they seem full as like the productions of the authority himself. We could assign them to half a dozen more probable names; originally, they were, beyond doubt, by some golden-handed Venetian.

We have not much to do with "departures and arrivals," but cannot let Audubon go on his last forest-ramble, undertaken with the view of completing his magnificent work, without our best wishes, and kindest farewell: he, with his youngest son, sailed from Portsmouth, in the *Gladiator*, on the first of the month. His immediate destination is New York; but he intends to proceed in the autumn to Louisiana, and ascend by the Sabine into the interior; and should circumstances permit, he will probably make excursions into Texas.

#### BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The Gallery, with a Selection of PICTURES by ANCIENT MASTERS of the ITALIAN, SPANISH, FLEMISH, and DUTCH Schools, and a Collection of Miniatures from Marshal Soult's Collection, which His Grace the Duke of Sutherland has most liberally allowed the Directors to exhibit for the benefit of the Institution, is open daily, from 10 in the Morning till 6 in the Evening.—Admission 1s.; Catalogue 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

#### DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

JUST OPEN, TWO PICTURES, painted by Le Chevalier Bouton. The Subjects are, the VILLAGE of ALAGNA, in Piedmont, and the INTERIOR of the CHURCH of SANTA CROCE, at Florence. The village is seen by moonlight, surrounded by a peaked mountain, and the foreground, formed by the melting of the snow; the lights from the distant houses are reflected upon its surface—the avalanches sweeping from their lofty summits, overwhelm the village. The coming day reveals the scene of desolation; and the simple reader, who has seen the picture, will hardly be struck by the second Picture, the Interior of the Church of Santa Croce, at Florence, as so well known as to render detail unnecessary;—it exhibits all the effects of light and shade, from noon-day till midnight.—Open from 10 till 5.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

[Abstract of Papers read at previous Meetings of the Society.—continued from p. 473.]

"Register of the State of the Barometer and Thermometer kept at Tunis, during the years 1829, 1830, 1831, 1832. Presented by Sir Thomas Reade, His Majesty's Agent and Consul General at Tunis. Communicated by P. M. Roget, M.D., Sec. R.S.

"The observations here registered are those of the

thermometer at 9 A.M., at noon, and at 6 P.M., and the points of the wind, and height of the barometer for each day of the above-mentioned years."

"On the Optical Phenomena of certain Crystals. By Henry Fox Talbot, Esq., F.R.S.

"In this memoir the author gives an account of the optical properties of certain minute crystals, obtained by the evaporation of a solution of borax in phosphoric acid, exhibited when they are examined by means of the polarizing microscope. The field of view is then seen covered with minute circular spots, each composed of a close assemblage of delicate acicular crystals, radiating from the centre; together with other circular bodies, in which this disposition is not observable, on account of the close union of the component crystals, which, producing optical contact, gives perfect transparency to the whole mass. When the field of view is rendered dark by the rectangular crossing of the polarizing lamina, each of these little circles becomes luminous, and exhibits a well-defined dark cross, dividing its area into four equal sectors. These crosses have a similar position in all the circles; and their direction remains unaltered when the crystals are turned round in their own plane, by causing the plate of glass, on which they are placed, to revolve.

"On examining the larger circles with a high magnifying power, and under favourable circumstances of illumination, the author observed upon each a series of coloured concentric rings: but the number, as well as the colour of these rings varies in different crystals. The innermost ring is deeply coloured, or black; and incloses a central space of white light, which is traversed by the arms of the cross, intersecting in the centre. This part of the cross, which stands within the innermost ring, is beautifully defined, and perfectly black. The whole system of phenomena are exactly analogous to that exhibited by uniaxial crystals; and corresponds still more closely with those discovered by Sir David Brewster in spheres of glass, the density of which had been rendered variable from the centre to the surface by immersion in heated oil; excepting that the microscopic crystals here described are possessed of a far more intense polarizing energy. The author thinks it probable that the phenomena are in both cases produced by similar conditions of density; which, in a circular mass formed by the aggregation of needle-shaped crystals radiating from a common centre, it is natural to suppose would rapidly increase from the circumference to the centre. By watching the progress of crystallization he ascertained that this was, in fact, the mode in which the crystals are constructed: for they frequently appeared, at first, in the form of lengthened prisms, which subdivided themselves at both ends into an immense multitude of divergent fibres, like those of a brush; apparently repelling each other as they extended in length and occupying spaces corresponding to two opposite sectors of a circle; until, by spreading still farther in breadth, their edges united, and filled the whole of a circular area. In all the stages of this process, the formation of the black cross may be seen to keep pace with the development of the crystal, until perfectly displayed on the completion of the crystalline structure. The author notices the analogy which this structure presents with that of the crystalline lens of the cod fish, as has been lately described by Sir David Brewster; and also the remarkable correspondence existing between the optical properties resulting from this structure, and the phenomena of the circular polarization of fluids, which have been accounted for by the existence of molecules of a structure nearly similar.

"The author proceeds to examine the action of these crystals in common, or unpolarized light; and concludes from his inquiries that each of their diameters polarized the light in the plane passing through itself and the direction of the ray; so that the whole emergent light consists of equal portions polarized in every plane, and according to every diameter of the circle. This action is similar to that which would be exerted by an assemblage of an infinite number of pieces of tourmaline cut into the form of infinitely small sectors, in the direction of the axis and disposed as radii in a circle. The author considers it probable that the tourmaline itself is an aggregate of acicular crystals of this description, disposed

in a direction parallel to its axis, and being in optical contact, as well as in perfect mechanical cohesion.

"In a postscript to this paper, an account is given of a new species of Dichroism in crystals, to the discovery of which the author was led by applying to them his peculiar method of observation with polarized light. In these experiments the crystals themselves perform the office of the analyzing plate, acting on light previously polarized, and transmitted through a plate of mica. Under these circumstances the crystals of borax, described in the first part of the paper, when examined with a lens of moderate power, appear beautifully coloured with two complementary colours, according to the position of their axes. These experiments tend to confirm the views of Sir David Brewster and others as to the general cause of the dichroism of crystals, which is ascribed to a difference of absorptive energy in different directions with relation to their axes; arising from a difference of elasticity in these respective directions."

*"On the valuation of the mechanical effect of Gradients on a line of Railroad." By Peter Barlow, Esq., F.R.S.*

"The exact amount of the influence of ascents and descents occurring in the line of a railway on the motion of a load drawn by a locomotive engine having been differently estimated by different persons, the author was induced to investigate the subject. A few observations are premised on the erroneous assumptions which, he conceives, have in general vitiated the results hitherto deduced. The first of these is, that the expenditure of power requisite for motion is equal to the resistance to traction; whereas it must always greatly exceed it. No account, he remarks, has been taken of the pressure of the atmosphere on the piston, which the force of the steam has to overcome before it can be available as a moving power. Another source of error has been that the statistical and dynamical effects of friction have been confounded together; whereas they are the same in amount only when the body is put in motion by gravity; but not when it is urged down an inclined plane by an extraneous force. In the latter case these effects are no longer comparable; friction being a force which, in an infinitely small time, is proportional to the velocity, while that of gravity is constant at all velocities; or, in other words, the retardation from friction is proportional to the space described, while that from gravity has reference only to the time of acting, whatever space the body may pass over in that time. It is an error to assume that the mechanical power of the plane is equivalent to a reduction of so much friction; for the friction down the inclined plane is the same as on a horizontal plane of the same length, rejecting the trifling difference of pressure; and the whole retardation in passing over the plane, or the whole force required to overcome it, is the same at all velocities, and by whatever force the motion is produced; but the assisting force from gravity is quite independent of the space or of the velocity."

"In the investigations which the author has prosecuted in this paper, he assumes that equal quantities of steam are produced in the same time at all velocities; and he adopts for his other data, those given by Mr. Pambour in his Treatise of Locomotive Engines. He deduces a formula from which, the speed on a level being given, we may compute the relative and absolute times of a train ascending a plane; and consequently also the ratio of the forces expended in the two cases; or the length of an equivalent horizontal plane; that is, of one which will require the same time and power to be passed over by the locomotive engine as the ascending plane.

"The next objects of inquiry relate to the descent of trains on an inclined plane, and comprise two cases: the first, that when the power of the engine is continued without abatement; and the second, that when the steam is wholly excluded, and the train is urged in its descent by gravity alone. The author arrives at the conclusions, that in the first of these cases, when the declivity is one in 139, the velocity, on becoming uniform, will be double that in a horizontal plane; and that for a declivity of one in 695, the uniform velocity of descent will be one-fifth greater than on the horizontal plane; and this, he observes, is perhaps the greatest additional velocity which it would be prudent to admit. A plane of one in 695 is therefore the steepest declivity that ought

to be descended with the steam-valve fully open; all planes with a declivity between this and that of one in 139 require to have the admission of steam regulated so as to modify the speed, and adjust it to considerations of safety; and lastly, all planes of a greater slope than this last require, in descending them, the application of the brake."

*"On the application of Glass as a substitute for metal balance-springs in Chronometers. By Messrs. Arnold and Dent. Communicated by Francis Beaufort, Esq., Captain R.N., F.R.S., Hydrographer to the Admiralty.*

"In their endeavours to determine and reduce the errors arising from the expansion of the balance-spring of chronometers consequent on variations of temperature, the authors came to the conclusion that there exist certain physical defects in the substances employed for its construction, beyond the most perfect mechanical form that can be given to it, which interfere with the regularity of its agency: so that, however exquisite may be its workmanship, and however complete its power of maintaining a perfect figure when in different degrees of tension, yet the imperfect distribution of its component parts may give rise to great incorrectness in its performance. Hence the balance-spring not only should be made of a substance most highly elastic, but its elasticity should not be given to it by any mechanical or chemical process: as a body in motion, it should be the lightest possible; and, as far as the case admits of it, it should be free from atmospheric influence. Glass suggested itself as the only material possessing, in the greatest degree, all these desirable properties. Its fragility, although apparently a great objection to its employment, was found, on trial, to constitute no obstacle whatever; for it was found to possess a greater elastic force than steel itself, and thus to admit of greater amplitude in the arc of vibration.

"It was first proposed to ascertain how far a glass balance-spring would sustain low temperatures; and it was found by experiment that it resisted completely the effects of a cold as great as that of +12° of Fahrenheit's thermometer; thus satisfactorily removing any objection which might be brought against its use from its supposed fragility in these low temperatures. The next object of solicitude was to determine whether it would withstand the shock arising from the discharge of cannon in the vicinity; and its power of resisting concussions of this nature was fully established by experiments made with this view on board H.M.S. Excellent at Portsmouth.

"On comparing the performance of glass balance-springs with metallic ones, when the temperatures were raised from 32° to 100°, it was found that while the loss in twenty-four hours in the gold spring was 8° 44', that of steel 6° 25', and that of palladium 2° 31', that of a glass spring was only 40'. These differences the authors ascribe principally to the different degrees in which the substances had their elasticity reduced by an increase of temperature. As glass was thus found to suffer a much smaller loss of elasticity by this cause than metals, they proceeded to construct a glass balance suited to the correction of the small error still occasioned by this cause, employing a glass disc for this purpose. The compensation being completed, they next tested the isochronism of the glass spring, and it proved to be as perfect as any metallic spring. Chronometers thus constructed are now in course of trial at the Royal Observatory. In common with all other instruments of the same kind they have shown a disposition to progressive acceleration, the cause of which is but little known, but which appears to be influenced by the action of the air."

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

**ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.**  
This Evening, THE ROSE OF THE ALHAMBRA; with THE MARRIED BACHELOR; and THE FARMER'S STORY. On Monday, THE MOUNTAIN SYLPH. (Donald, Mr. Wilson; Mountain Sylph, Miss Shireff); after which a New Operetta entitled HOUSE ROOM; with MISCHIEF MAKING; and other Entertainments.

**KING'S THEATRE.**—The present being the last night of the subscription, we may take our leave of the Italian Opera for six months. If we are to judge from the well-sustained fullness of the house, the season must be pronounced a successful one; if from our own feelings, we should describe it as having been tedious and unsatisfactory; the exquisite skill

and finish of the principal singers, its only redeeming point, standing in stead of judgment and energy in the selection of new music, or careful preparation of what was selected. In proof—the one novelty, 'I Briganti,' was a total failure; the most sterling opera revived, 'Don Giovanni,' thrust forward as a stop-gap, when it should have been made a principal feature of the season; 'Otello' was spoiled by Winter's incompetence; and 'L'Assedio di Corinto,' given only for two nights, on both of which Grisi was singing with only half her power, and then laid aside. But, after this list of exceptions, we ought to express our obligations to M. Laporte, for having justified us in our opinion of his *prima donna's* powers as an actress, by bringing out 'Norma.' The most obstinate and fantastic *anti-Grisi* must have been startled out of his prejudice by the passion and brilliancy of her whole performance of this part. We shall always have another pleasant remembrance connected with this opera as recently given, its having introduced us to Signora Assandri; to a tuneful and sufficient voice, she adds the yet better possession of delicate taste and true feeling. In the *buffa* department we have little fault to find; St. Romain's *Cracovienne*, and Perrot and Carlotta Grisi's *Pas galop*, may stand second after Taglioni's incomparable *Tyrolienne*.

The coming Opera season at Paris promises well: 'Il Matrimonio' is to be revived, and Rossini, it has been said, is about to treat the frequenter of the Salle Favart to a new opera. If these things be true, as all the efficient rehearsal and preparation which is done at all is done there, and not in London, our hopes for next year are not altogether baseless.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's tragedy of 'Ion' has been transferred to this house, and the principal character has passed from Mr. Macready to Miss Ellen Tree. Without going into comparison, we shall merely say, that it is curious to witness the cleverness with which two artists, each of them physically unsuited, though in very different ways, to represent the part, contrive to surmount the difficulties which present themselves; with regard to all else the learned Serjeant's character is safe in either of their hands. Miss Ellen Tree's was an exceedingly graceful and spirited performance. Her figure, good as it is for a female, is even better suited to youthful male attire, and the carriage she assumes on these occasions is more like a man's than that of any other female we ever remember to have seen upon the stage; and the evident presence of real, with the total absence of *mock* modesty, render the illusion complete. It is however unfortunately destroyed in the last act, where the great length of the imperial robes caused by a close adherence to classical costume, gives them too much the appearance of petticoats. Miss Taylor is quite a theatrical puzzle; nothing could be more natural than her performance in Mr. Poole's drama called 'The Atonement,' nothing less so than her representation of *Clementine*. Mr. Vandenhoff gave, to our thinking, a most harsh and disagreeable representation of *Adrasus*; his death was spun out to an intolerable length, and was very nearly as painful to us as it could have been to himself—had his sufferings been real.

**ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.**—Mr. Hackett, the American comedian, has been delighting the visitors to this theatre during the present week, by playing his well-known part of *Colonel Nimrod Wildfire*, in the piece called 'The Kentuckian.' Of the piece, the less that is said the better; but we cannot let the week pass without renewing and confirming the favourable opinion we formerly expressed of this gentleman's abilities. His performance of the good-humoured, light-hearted, jovial, drinking, fighting, white-lying American Gascon, is so perfectly natural, that we are obliged to turn from him to those about him to be assured we are seeing a play. He has caused a material improvement in the receipts of the Treasury, as we are told, and can easily believe. Acting as good as Mr. Hackett's (when you can get it!) will always do so, notwithstanding the talk about the declining taste for theatrical amusements.

**SURREY.**—A new tragedy, or rather melo-dramatic play, was brought out here last week, called 'Arnold of Winkelried, or the Fight of Sempach.' Being one of the Swiss struggles for liberty under

the patriot leader of the moment against foreign oppression and misrule, it necessarily partakes liberally of the nature of 'William Tell,' and 'Hofer, the Tell of the Tyrol'; but it is nevertheless a production of considerable merit, and there are here and there passages in it of more than common power. We were particularly pleased with the acting of Mr. Butler. In the present state of the stage, he is in our estimation clearly entitled to take rank as a tragedian next to Mr. Macready; and considerably before several gentlemen who receive much larger salaries than he can command. We by no means wish to be understood as asserting that he is a first-rate actor, (alas! who is?)—but one who is sometimes very impressive, and never very bad—who often pleases, and never offends—is clearly entitled to a place, "under existing circumstances," on the metropolitan boards, and *there*, next season, we hope to see him, unless good cause, and better actors, can be shown against such an arrangement.

Mr. Rice, an American actor, has been filling the house for some weeks past, to witness his representation of a Yankee nigger. We are to presume that it is a correct one; and, indeed it is so utterly unlike any other human being, either black or white, that we can hardly doubt its being like the race, or the individual, it is meant for. If so, we are ready to give all credit to Mr. Rice, but we cannot help wishing that he would change the character, and indeed hoping that by this time he has changed it, for something a little more human.

#### MISCELLANEA

**Public Libraries.**—In all the larger towns of France there are excellent public libraries, arranged in spacious rooms, with salaried librarians, every accommodation for readers, and every disposition to assist them. I could not visit these libraries without wishing that similar institutions could be introduced in the principal towns of England, for in a country where there are so many persons whose circumstances allow them leisure, where education is more and more diffused every day, and in times when men's minds are on the stir, the easy access to books, in every part of the kingdom, could not but prove at once agreeable and beneficial. The encouragement of such an object would be a wise application of public money.—*Knight's Tour in Normandy*.

**Electricity.**—In a letter from M. Karsten, to M. de Humboldt, on the electricity of contact, that gentleman expresses the following opinions:—1st. Metals, and perhaps all solid bodies, become positive in fluids, and the fluids into which they are plunged become negative.—2nd. A solid body half immersed in fluid, presents an electrical polarity; that part in the fluid will possess both positive and negative electricity.—3rd. Solid bodies possess great differences in their electro-motive force, with respect to the same fluid, and these differences are the causes of the electrical, chemical, and magnetic action of the galvanic chain.—4th. If two solid electrometers, but of different force, be plunged into the same fluid, without touching each other, the weakest becomes negatively electric, and the other positively.—5th. The half of the weakest electrometer which projects from the fluid, will show an electricity opposed to the immersed part; that is to say, a positive electricity.—6th. The electro-motive activity of a fluid depends on the property of being reduced by two solid electrometers of different force, to such a state, that the electrometers receive from it opposite electricities. In general, all the fluids which are bad conductors of electricity, possess the above-mentioned property, but not the fluids which are non-conductors, (oils, &c.) nor those which are good conductors (mercury, metals in a state of fusion, &c.). Nevertheless, the electro-motive force of fluids does not depend solely on the greater or lesser power of conducting, but on other properties not yet known.—7th. The electro-motive effects of two metals, which form a chain, inclosed in the same fluid, are founded on the continual excitation and neutralization of opposite electricities, which occur in the same fluid. They are engendered by the electro-motive force of the strongest and of the weakest electrometers on the fluid, by the action of the strongest on the weakest; they are accelerated by the immediate contact of the two solid electrometers, when these are good con-

ductors.—8. The chemical changes which take place in the fluid, are, it is true, in concordance with the neutralization of the two electricities produced by the solid elements of the chain; but these changes, and this neutralization, do not act mutually as cause and effect.—9th. In the system of chains which form the Voltaic pile, the opposite electricities are completely neutralized by the solid elements of each chain; that is to say, by the couples, and there is no electric current from one couple to the other.

**Effects of Lightning.**—M. Baric, of La Haye, has communicated to the French Academy of Sciences the remarkable growth of a poplar which had been struck by lightning. It grew in an avenue belonging to him. The lightning broke some of the branches at the top, and the fluid ran along the trunk, from the top to the bottom of the northern side, without injuring the bark; went into the ground at the root, and turned up two large masses, each nearly a cubic foot in size. The tree at that time measured twelve inches in circumference; and it was in the month of July that the circumstance occurred. In the following April the trunk had exactly doubled its size, while the trees close to it had retained the same girth; and the sap flowed in such abundance as to force its way through the crevices in the bark.

**Magnetic Influence.**—M. Gay, residing in Chili, has communicated to the French Academy of Sciences, that at the time of the great earthquake in that country, in February 1835, he observed great variations in the diurnal movements of the needle; but in the lesser shocks the variations were feeble. His observations amount to more than two thousand, all of which have proved to him, that magnetic phenomena are much more complete in that part of the world than in Europe; for instead of two daily movements, he always obtained three; one in the morning to the East, another in the middle of the day to the West, and a third in the evening to the East again. This triple movement he considers as permanent, and suggests the great chain of the Cordilleras as one of the influential causes.

**Giraffes.**—Five very beautiful giraffes have been sent to New York. They were brought from Cababat, in Abyssinia, by M. Vaissiere, ex aide-de-camp to Ibrahim Pacha, in the war against the Wahabites.

**Naval Surgeons.**—So late as 1802, the King of Sweden engaged some British Surgeons to serve in his ships of war; their perplexity and mortification may be imagined, on finding that they were expected to shave the whole ship's company as a duty belonging to their station.—*United Service Journal*.

**Sculpture in the Tuilleries.**—The statue of Alexander, lately placed in the Tuilleries, attracted such a crowd of beholders, that a guard was obliged to be stationed over it. It is by M. Nanteuil, and rests on the pedestal where the Prometheus formerly stood. The hero has on a Macedonian helmet, is armed with a dagger and buckler, is wounded on the right side, and has fallen on his knees in a defensive attitude.

**Montaigne and Montesquieu.**—The Municipal Council of Bordeaux have voted 15,000 francs for the erection of two statues, of Montaigne and Montesquieu. The remainder of the cost, some 150,000 francs, will be defrayed by the subscriptions of the inhabitants.

**Baron Gros.**—When a French painter of any eminence dies, under whatever circumstances, his bust is executed for the government, in order that it may be deposited in the National Museum. Thus, the bust of Baron Gros has just been executed for Louis Philippe, for the purpose of being deposited in the Louvre, by M. Dehay, the sculptor, who lately executed the bust of Girodet, for the same purpose.

**Musée D'Orléans.**—The private museum of the Duke d'Orléans has lately been enriched by a figure of Christ, carved out of a single block of crystal of large dimensions. This work is spoken of as a proof of the genius of the laborious artists of the thirteenth century, with all its simplicity and imperfection, and in some parts shows a finish of execution and a study that is perfectly extraordinary. This specimen cost about 240l.

**Mammalia.**—A new genus of Mammalia has been found in Madagascar, by M. Goudot, which M. Doyère, Professor at the College of Henri Quatre, proposes to call *Eupleres*. It is a lively, swift animal, with slender legs, and entirely Plantigrade, the

sole of the foot being the only part free from hair. It lives on the surface of the ground, is long and thin in the body, and its girth is that of most Insectivora. If any judgment may be formed from its anatomy, its hearing equal to that of other Insectivora; and the size of its orbits shows that its sight is likely to be good. The thumb is much the shortest of its five fingers, and all are armed with sharp, thin, and semi-retractile nails. The natives say that it hollows out the sand, and lives in pits. Flacourt mentioned this animal under the name of Falanou, and thought it to be a civet, which error has been continued in several works. The animal we now speak of was too young to have completed its dentition, but at present it has six incisors in the upper jaw, two canines, six pointed grinders, and four tuberculous grinders in the under jaw; eight incisors, two canines with a double root, fitting behind those of the upper jaw, like the mole, four pointed grinders, and six with five tubercles in the lower jaw. M. Doyère gives the specific name in honour of M. Goudot, and writes it *Eupleres Goudotii*.

**Ornithology.**—A new bird, belonging to the *Passeres*, and among the *Upupa*, has been found at Madagascar, by M. Goudot, and forms the type of a new and remarkable genus. The beak is very long, arched, compressed or flattened, like a blade, and may be compared to that of a small scythe. The nostrils, placed at the base of the beak, and pierced laterally, are not covered by the anterior feathers of the head. The wings, which in length reach the middle of the tail, according to the nomenclature of M. Isidore Geoffroy, belong to the type called by him *surbotus*,—that is, having the fourth and fifth remiges the longest of all. The first, like that of the Hoopoe, is extremely short, and nearly useless in flight. The tail is square, and composed of twelve pens; the externals of which have their stems prolonged, in a very slight degree, beyond the barbs. The feet have three toes, directed forwards, and a fourth backwards. All are long, thick, and furnished with curved talons, enlarged at the base by a thick membrane, which has some affinity with that of the Grallæ. The only species now known has the head, the neck, and the under part of the body white; the back, wings, and tail, of a greenish black, with metallic lights. M. Isidore Geoffroy has named it *Falcula palauata*. It lives on the borders of streams, feeds on small aquatic insects, and the organic remains found in mud.

**Hail.**—After a violent storm at Clermont, MM. Bouillet and Lecoq found a number of hail-stones as large as hen's eggs, and some others as large as those of turkeys. They were all of an ellipsoidal form, and seemed formed of a multitude of needles, united at the extremities of the great axis. They were from eight lines to two inches long. Those needles, on which the fusion had not made much impression, still showed traces of hexagonal prisms, terminated by prisms of six facets. In a second storm, others fell which were not larger than hazel nuts, and these were formed of concentric layers, more or less transparent, rounded, or slightly oval, and possessed a powerful horizontal motion; they were heard to hiss in the air, as if each hailstone rubbed against the other, and their rotation was extremely rapid.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS

**The Violin, &c.**—We have received a letter of remonstrance from Mr. Dubourg, the compiler of this work, who is of opinion that our notice of the criticism in *The Musical World* was "insidiously" calculated to deter others from like commendation. It is curious enough, that "insidiously" attempting to influence opinion, is one of the very offences with which we are inclined to charge Mr. Dubourg, or his publisher Mr. Colburn. How, unless one or other of these parties wrote the paragraph and paid for its insertion, could there have been such a simultaneous outbreak in all the Papers, on the first appearance of his book, of congratulations on its "opportune" publication—such unanimity in noticing the "copious memoir" of the "marvel-working Paganini"—such general notice of the "variety of its miscellaneous anecdotes," and "its sketches of the most amusing description"? Mr. Dubourg would willingly persuade himself that we have been influenced by personal ill-will: we must dispel the pleasant delusion, by assuring him that we did not know there was such a person in existence until we read his name in the title-page.

**J. G. received.**—We do not agree with E. A., but cannot here assign our reasons.

**Erratum.**—In the article last week on the Commerce of the Black Sea where speaking of the imports and exports of Odessa, it should have been printed "in 1797 [and not 1794] they amounted to 209,000 roubles."

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